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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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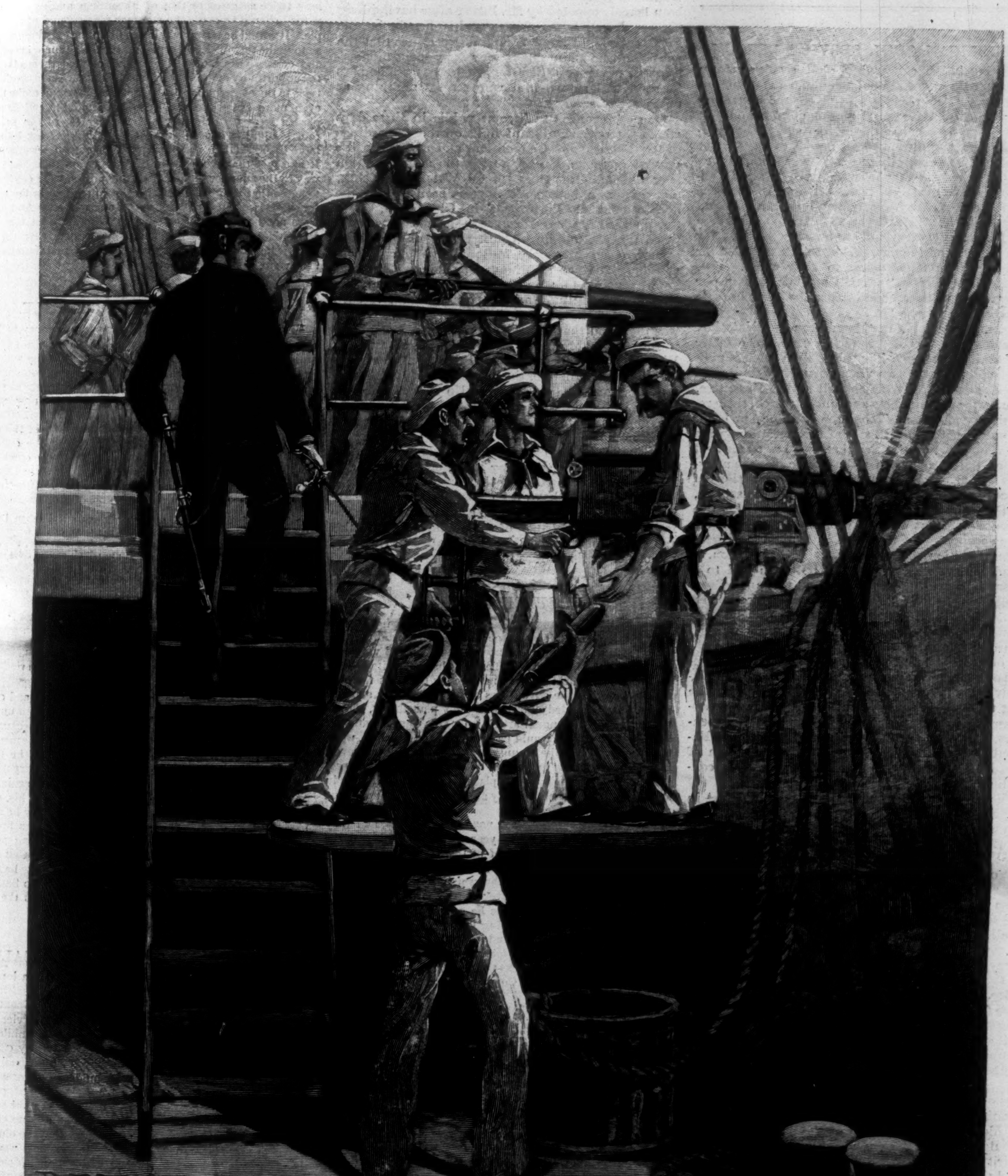

"CLOSE QUARTERS."—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 743.]

MACHINE-GUNS AND RIFLEMEN IN ACTION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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## REPUBLICAN CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE resolution concerning civil service reform adopted by the National Republican Convention of 1888 was, in its pledges, all that the most exacting civil service reformer could reasonably demand. It not only promised that the system should be completed by extending it "to all grades of the service to which it was applicable," that "the spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all Executive appointments," and that "all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed," but it went even so far as to taunt those who for many years had strenuously labored for these objects and then supported Mr. Cleveland for re-election with faithlessness to their cause. But, said the Republicans, "we will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate broke his."

Upon this platform the Republican candidate, Mr. Harrison, was elected. No party ever had a fuller opportunity to redeem its pledges than the Republicans had during the two years when they controlled both Houses of Congress as well as the Executive. Their power was complete and unobstructed, their responsibility absolute. What the outcome has been, we know. On the credit side of the account appears a strict observance of the civil service law as far as it reached, the introduction of the system into the navy-yards by Secretary Tracy, a few small extensions of the scope of the law in other branches of the service, and the appointment of an excellent Civil Service Commission. But what do we find on the other side of the account? A flat refusal, in spite of the urgent recommendation of the Civil Service Commission, to extend the system to the Census Bureau and to a larger number of the post-offices and revenue offices, to which it certainly was applicable; the protection, by members of the administration, of employés who have violated the statute against political assessments; the failure to repeal any law "at variance with the object of existing reform legislation"; a glaring disregard of "the spirit and purpose of the reform" in Executive appointments and removals; and, finally, the most unblushing employment of persons in the public service in "running" caucuses and local conventions to procure the election of delegates to the National Convention favorable to the nomination of President Harrison for a second term, and in controlling the National Convention itself.

The satisfaction of good citizens at the defeat in the National Convention of a set of the most disreputable machine politicians has caused the means by which this result was brought about to be somewhat overlooked. But it remains nevertheless true that our political history presents no more scandalous spectacle of this kind than the local conventions crowded with postmasters and revenue officers, and the National Convention stocked with placemen of all grades, and watched and guided and dragooned by some of the principal officers of the government, every one of whom held his position at the pleasure of the very man whom they labored to continue in office. It was the prostitution of Executive influence for a distinctly personal end carried to the point of utter shamelessness.

It is not surprising that a National Convention so composed, engaged in such a business, and so controlled, hardly had the courage of hypocrisy. From the grandiloquent taunts and the gorgeous promises of the platform of 1888, it drops meekly to a declaration almost furtive in its brevity, as if it sought to hide itself in a corner of the platform where it would attract little notice, simply "commending the spirit and evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the laws regulating the same." Thus the Republican party, which, as a civil service reformer, came in as a lion in 1888, goes out in 1892 like a spaniel with hanging ears and drooping tail, well aware that by its conduct it has deserved a whipping.

How well this whipping is deserved, the sequel shows. No sooner is the Convention over than the manipulations begin to put the party, which has been somewhat shaken by faction quarrels, into a fighting trim. What is going on in our immediate vicinity of course first attracts our notice; but it permits us to form conclusions as to what is going on elsewhere. We see a carting contract hitherto held by a Democrat, who performed his duties to perfection, transferred by the Collector of Customs to a Republican district leader, on the ground, avowed by the Republican press, that there is a good deal of money in it of which the Republicans ought to have the benefit. We hear of several changes in subordinate positions made or contemplated to reward friends and to discourage opponents. We hear of anxious efforts made to placate the dissatisfied boss of the Republican machine of New York, the price of whose active support is said to be a formal written promise of the whole Federal patronage in the State. Mr. Harrison need not be surprised at this, for, having been fiercely opposed by Mr. Platt after having long pampered him with offices for his henchmen, the President should know from sad experience that the politician who maintains his power by spoils-mongering will never be satisfied until he has all he asks for, and will regard him who refuses anything as unworthy of support.

One occurrence has become public in these days which throws a significant light on the proceedings of the Minneapolis Convention, and authorizes the gravest apprehension as to what the administration is capable of. The story is this: William D. Crum, a colored man, had for three years been seeking the appointment as Postmaster in Charleston, South Carolina. President Harrison had steadfastly refused to appoint him. Crum then managed to be elected a delegate to the National Republican Convention. Arrived at Minneapolis, he gave out that he was going to vote for Blaine. Suddenly he changed his attitude, and announced himself as a supporter of Harrison. He voted accordingly. It was then said that Crum had been assured of his reward. From Minneapolis he went straightway to Washington and saw the President. A few days later his nomination for the Postmastership at Charleston was sent to the Senate. No sooner was this known in Charleston than indignant protests against the appointment poured into Washington. Crum was summoned before the Post-office Committee of the Senate, and the opposition to the appointment in that body became so strong that the President saw himself forced to withdraw the nomination.

If such things have been possible nothing is impossible, and we may look for a misuse of Executive influence and a debauch of the public service in this campaign unsurpassed if not unequalled in the worst periods of spoils politics in our history.

## THE SUMMER CITIZEN.

THE well-known and frequently cited fox who, having been bereft of his tail by mischance, used to harangue the other foxes on the inconvenience, uselessness, and vulgarity of tails, and the beauties of taillessness, has been cited to the confusion of writers who from time to time set forth in the public prints the advantages of New York as a summer resort. It is pointed out, not without plausibility, that if the author of the annual article on "Our Compensations" had his own way he would be in Europe, or, at worst, upon the sea-shore or in the mountains, doing nothing whatever, instead of remaining in town to tell the more fortunate people in the country what a fine place New York really was in summer, and what an unsightly and cumbersome appendage to a fox was a tail.

But the compensations are none the less real, and they are increasing from year to year. The bath-tub and the unlimited Croton are the chief of them, and these are emphatically urban comforts. It is true that the Atlantic is an ample bath-tub, and that the remainer in the city has in this respect no advantage over the sojourner by the sea-shore. Neither, of course, has he any over the lordly cottager of Lenox, whose plumbing is up to the highest urban standard. But the typical and most numerous summer vacation-maker is not the cottager, but the boarder, and the inland boarder certainly lacks the facilities of ablution which nature and the Aqueduct Commissioners have provided for the citizen.

Then it is in summer that it becomes most evident what a boon and benefaction the authors of Central Park conferred upon New York. The prosperous citizen and Park Commissioner who once objected, in complete good faith, to extensive plantations of a shrub that flowered in midsummer, upon the ground that in midsummer nobody visited the Park, was a very typical specimen of his class. As a matter of fact, in these July days, the pressure upon the Park of the tennis-players is so great that its custodians have been compelled to lay out new spaces in tennis-courts; and a pretty steady procession of vehicles along the driveways in the July afternoons tells how numerous is the contingent of "carriage people" still left in town. They are not the carriage people of the spring and the autumn, it is true. "Their equipages" do not "shine like meteors," any more than "their palaces," presumably, "rise like exhalations." They do not affect the coach or the break or the wagonette, but the democratic and familiar rockaway or comfortable canopy-top, for the most part a one-horse vehicle. But the sight of them, though less interesting to the horse-fancier, is more impressive to the philanthropist than the vernal or autumnal parades of the plutocracy, and they testify quite as powerfully to the beneficence of the Park.

A very great addition has been made to the attractions, or the assuagements, of the citizen's lot in summer by the Madison Square Garden, where Mr. Damrosch's band is just now nightly discoursing eloquent music. The projectors of that spacious resort are also public benefactors, especially to the citizen who is a citizen in midsummer. The addition of the roof garden so evidently meets the long-felt want which enterprising projectors undertake to supply that its popularity is the chief drawback from its comfort, and if it were five times as large it would be comfortably filled, instead of being as at present uncomfortably crowded. The older roof garden of the Casino led the way in a development that has not yet fairly begun. The tropical peoples who betake themselves to their roofs as soon as the sun goes down have given a useful lesson to the builders of a city in which the conditions of summer are tropical. A good physician issued a few years ago a pamphlet in which he showed how the vast area of the flat roofs of New York—an area at least twice as great as that of its sunken and airless back yards—should be made the summer play-ground of the people. It would be a simple thing to fit up the existing roofs so as to make them delightful resorts for the summer evenings, and certain wise householders have availed themselves of the opportunity offered to all householders. Slight modifications in the construction of the house roofs would make them even more accessible and delightful, and the public roof garden is pretty evidently but the pioneer of the private roof garden. Then will the lot of the tailless fox be even more tolerable than it is now, and it is not intolerable now. It is a fact that two fathers of families, on their Saturday way to the summer homes of their families, were overheard to agree that they were better off in town than in the country, "but we must not say so to our wives." And these were not boarders, but cottagers. Wherefore let the summer citizen not greatly bemoan his taillessness, even though good taste restrain him from exulting in it, and flaunting it, as it were, in the face of the public.

## AN INDEMNITY FROM CHILE.

WHEN President Harrison paid a sum of money to Italy on account of the lynching by a mob in New Orleans of several Italian subjects, the partisan supporters of the administration congratulated the country upon being so fortunate as to have a brave and dignified Executive who could make concessions when concessions were due. So now when Chile makes a payment to the United States of $75,000, to be distributed among the relatives of the sailors of the war-ship *Baltimore* killed by a mob in Valparaiso, the country is again congratulated, but with a good deal more emphasis, and the congratulations are extended to each of the officials who had a hand in the mighty performance. Here is the way it strikes the Washington correspondent of the *Tribune:*

> "To the firm, dignified, and courageous stand taken by the President from the very first moment the news of the occurrences at Valparaiso was received is due, in the first instance, the credit for this happy termination of a dispute which at one time threatened to involve two nations in war. To the skilful management of the case in detail by ex-Secretary Blaine, and the equally skilful handling of the various questions arising out of the controversy by his successor, Secretary John W. Foster, who took up the task where Mr. Blaine dropped it, and who thus signalizes his entry into office by a diplomatic triumph of the first order, are due a proportionate share of the praise which thoughtful people in this country, irrespective of party, will bestow upon the administration. But not least of all to deserve praise for this splendid vindication of the honor of the American flag is Minister Egan."

And so Egan comes in for his share of praise and credit. Had it not been for Egan, it is, to be sure, quite unlikely that the indemnity would ever have been paid, because it is unlikely that the riot would have occurred and the men been killed. It was Egan's conduct as Minister of the United States in Chile during the war against the usurpation of Balmaceda that incensed the Chilian people against the American flag and uniform. The incident was his, and if there is great credit due for its settlement, surely he should have his full share. It fortunately has not often been the case, even with the present method of selecting men to represent the United States in foreign countries, that so signally unfit and inappropriate an appointment has been made to a foreign post as that of Mr. Egan to Santiago; but he appears to have pleased the President and the President's most zealous supporters.

## POLITICS AND THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

THE Health Board of New York city has for a long time past been aided in its work by a body of consulting surgeons, among whom were some of the most eminent medical men of the metropolis. They gave their services without compensation out of consideration for the public good. With such men as these acting in this advisory capacity, the Board of Health appeared to be very strong and competent, and in it the people had confidence. Recently the political president of the board has introduced political methods into the board, and has replaced the old sanitary superintendent with another man who had a more effective political "pull." There was no pretence that the old superintendent was incompetent or that the new man was better in any way. This action on the part of the president of the board was so distasteful to the consulting surgeons that they have retired, because they are not willing to accept any responsibility for a board that measures a sanitarian's ability by his political influence. It is a matter of great regret that at this time when we are menaced by the possibility of the spread of typhus fever, and when we may soon be called upon to quarantine against a visitation of cholera, that the city should lose the services of such competent men as Doctors Janeway, Prudden, Jacobi, and Smith. And it will be a matter for double regret if the protest that these gentlemen have made by filing their resignations does not act as a check to the politicians in the board. So long as the Board of Health could command the services of the eminent men who have just resigned, we had confidence that the board would do what was wise and proper in guarding the public health. With these places taken by men who esteem a political advantage to be above all other considerations, this confidence is no longer felt, but, on the contrary, it is to be feared that in times of danger incompetency may be found to have usurped the places upon which security depends when the public health is threatened.

## A CENTURY OF CANALS.

OUR country has had so many centennials of such deep interest that it is not surprising that the 18th of July of this year escaped with relatively slight attention. On that day occurred the hundredth anniversary of the beginning of a body of enterprises that have been of inestimable importance to the American commonwealth. On that day, in 1792, two little canals, hardly five miles in length, were opened to the commerce of New England. One of them passed about the Montague Falls of the Connecticut River, the other around the rapids at South Hadley. Neither of them approached in difficulty, in cost, or in utility many of the works now built by private or corporate concerns for their own convenience or advantage. But they were the beginning of what in the next generation determined the splendid future of New York city, opened the vast resources of the basins of the great inland lakes, and made commerce possible between the head-waters of Lake Superior and the continent of Europe. When the far-seeing mind of **DE WITT CLINTON** perceived that the barriers between the Alleghany slope and the almost limitless territory beyond could be pierced by canal-boats dropping from level to level through the gates of locks, he solved the problem of the future of American commerce, and so of the future of a powerful, extensive, free nationality, bound part to part by the indissoluble, ever-strengthening, ever-extending ties of mutual interest.

To-day there are, according to official statistics, some 4000 miles of artificial waterways in the United States, and through these and the natural inland waterways pass in a single year 172,000,000 tons of freight. In the older portion of the country the canals have ceased to have their relative importance, and some of them are in a way to be abandoned. The Erie and Champlain canals in our own State, which a score of years ago were the subject-matter of the most excited political struggles, now attract little attention, and so acute a business man as Governor **FLOWER** has announced that he is not sure that they repay the expenditure made upon them. But in the West the St. Mary's Falls Canal, the famous "Soo," and the waterways connecting the Great Lakes in this country and in Canada, are of the highest importance, and the scheme for securing not less than twenty feet of water between Duluth and Buffalo or New York is one that is being steadily pressed by men who never own that they are beaten, and seldom have been. That, with the Nicaragua Canal, would cause the current of the world's commerce to flow from the heart of the far West to the remotest shores of the Orient more safely and swiftly than the ships of the Phœnicians reached the Ultima Thule.

## THE ENGLISH ELECTIONS.

THE English elections have been hotly contested, intensely exciting, and, after all, undecisive. When the present government "meets Parliament" on the 4th of next month it will find its supporters in a minority in the House, and Mr. **GLADSTONE** will count a majority of 40 in the opposition seats. But that majority will not be either compact or disciplined or trustworthy. What its members are opposed to will be perfectly clear. What they are ready to support remains to be seen, and, so far as Mr. **GLADSTONE** is concerned, to be discovered or invented. The Irish members alone number nearly double the nominal majority. There are 79 of these according to the latest figures. Nine of these are avowedly independent, and do not themselves know by what their action will be determined. The remainder are under the professed leadership of Mr. **JUSTIN MCCARTHY**, an able and very upright man, with considerable experience in the House, but who is practically untried in the difficult post of actual command. The danger for Mr. **GLADSTONE** lies in the fact that whatever Irish policy he proposes must have the support of 279 English and Scotch and Welsh members, and whatever English policy he may bring forward, though it may perfectly suit these 279, must still command the favor of the Irish members. He cannot, therefore, be said to have a working majority.

What will be the immediate outcome it is much too soon to say. It will probably be quite possible for Mr. **GLADSTONE** to defer any positive crisis until October, or even until spring, if the present government should conclude to resign. But for the present there is great uncertainty and confusion. The only thing agreed upon by nearly all observers in England is that another appeal to the country within a year, or, at the farthest, within two years, is practically unavoidable. In the result of that appeal the most important element is the hold on life of the wonderful old statesman who has just won a sadly barren triumph. For it cannot be denied that the elections of this year have turned on a vote of confidence in Mr. **GLADSTONE**. Without him the outcome would have been very different. Will he live to take another appeal, and be able to take it with the strength, the skill, the abounding energy, that he has shown this summer? That is a mournful question, to which an affirmative answer is almost impossible. Meanwhile it will be well for Americans, heirs in the direct line of the fruits of England's capacity for free government, not to accept too readily the gloomy predictions of the party prophets on either side. From the action and reaction of the contending forces that for the moment seem so fiercely and hopelessly opposed, will come, as in the past, some compromise, illogical doubtless, but workable, that will advance the great nation one stage further in orderly and secure progress.

## CONGRESS AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

DOES the average Southern Congressman think that **COLUMBUS** landed on the shores of Lake Michigan, and that the subsequent creation of the wonderful city of Chicago is the thing on which the government of the United States has invited all the nations of the earth to felicitate us and to help us celebrate? In other words, does he think that the World's Columbian Exposition is a local matter, from which Chicago is to draw the sole gain, and of which Chicago alone should bear the cost and pains? And is it possible that an idea so narrow as this has obtained entrance to the minds of Representatives of the State and of the great city of New York? The questions seem foolish; they do not seem one-half so foolish as the action of the House of Representatives really is.

Think for a moment of the facts. Congress, after full deliberation, enacted a law authorizing a world's fair to be held to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the American continent by **COLUMBUS**, and invited all the nations of the world to share in the peaceful and beneficent enterprise. After the most careful examination of the subject, Chicago was selected as the site of the fair. The people of that city have done everything that ingenuity could suggest, and liberality, energy, and practical sagacity could carry out, to make the fair worthy of the occasion, and worthy not merely of their marvellous city, but of the republic.

Their preparations have been studied for more than three years with the greatest patience, with sound judgment, and with a wealth of intelligent suggestion that have won the admiration of the most skilled observers in Europe. The planning and construction of the buildings alone are a fair example of the spirit in which they have worked. The best architect in Chicago was chosen to supervise them, and he, modestly remaining in the background, distributed the various parts of the scheme to the most distinguished men in the profession from all parts of the Union. That is a perfect illustration of the enlightened manner in which Chicago has sought to make the enterprise national.

It is and must be national. The nation cannot disown it if it would. The credit, if it be creditable, the gain, if it be profitable, will belong to the nation. The disgrace if the fair be not greater, more varied, more noble, instructive, and inspiring than any the world has ever seen will be the disgrace of the nation. The interest of all the chief nations of the globe has been attracted to this enterprise. From Norway to New Zealand, from England to Japan, the governments are taking generous and active measures to promote the share of their people in the exhibition. Why? Because the government of the United States has cordially and even urgently invited them, and because they have satisfied themselves that the fair is to be in no wise limited, provincial, or local, but is tendered in all good faith by the United States to the peoples of the world.

Now Chicago, pledging the very great sum of $10,000,000, having assumed and honorably met all the infinite difficulties of the work, has asked Congress that from the abraded minor coin in the Treasury $5,000,000, in half-dollars of special design suitable for souvenirs, shall be coined, and, under proper restrictions, be appropriated to the purposes of the fair. That is a reasonable and moderate and proper plan to propose. The Senate embodied it in the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill; the House rejected it. The Conference Committee has failed to agree on it, and a new conference must be had. It is greatly to be hoped that it will result not only in the adoption of the proposition, but in an appropriation with no collateral or unnecessary conditions that may prove embarrassing. This much is due to Chicago, whose efforts in this matter when the result appears, will be a matter for just pride to the whole nation. It is due still more and more clearly to the American people, whom their government has unreservedly committed to the success of the exhibition, and who will be incalculably benefited by its success. It is in no sense a question of money alone. It is a question of meeting fairly the expectations which foreign governments have been led by the action of our own government to form. We shall not believe, unless forced to do so, that this broad and just view will not yet prevail.

## THE WHEEL AND NATURE.

THE wheelmen are everywhere. Their association constitutes a most important factor in our social and even in our political economy. They swarm over our country roads, introducing new faces and new ideas into remote rural corners, bringing the city to the out-of-the-way farmer, and they increase and emphasize the growing demand for good roads.

The wheel has been of enormous value to the city youth of the land. When men who are just beginning to look out for the gray hairs were ambitious youth, they had three ways of seeing out-of-the-way country places. They might walk, or ride, or drive. They were forced to rely either on the horse, which was expensive, or on their legs, which were slow. While walking parties, therefore, were not wholly unknown, the pace was so slow, the fatigue to the occasional pedestrian was so great, and the places visited in the course of a single ramble were so few, that the country dogs never learned to differentiate between a gentleman in flannels and a tramp in rags.

The wheel has changed all this. Now one who wishes to find nature and rural life in their hiding-places goes flashing to them on a swift wheel. Faster than horses, the wheel eats nothing and requires no stabling. It does not fall ill and run up doctors' bills. Although a serious break may put an end to the rider's excursion, an unimportant mishap will not be likely to cause much delay, for he who rides may mend, and if he has no mechanical ingenuity, there are few neighborhoods that are wanting in blacksmiths.

The wheelman spends his holidays perched high on his old-fashioned machine, or skimming quickly over the ground on his "safety." The too short days of his vacation are devoted to riding through the country, and he who is a wise wheelman seeks in his outings the roads which run through strange and unaccustomed scenes. He will doubtless encounter bad roads, but he will see unsophisticated men and women, and will discover in the byways natural beauties that are missed by those who frequent only the highways and the beaten paths of travel. He will keep his eyes and ears open for the sights and sounds of nature, and he will gain a store of knowledge and of memories in his short two weeks' trip in the country that will be a prized possession through the winter.

The wheel can do a great deal for human nature that for the most of the twelve months is cooped up in the city, and if the young men who are the happy possessors of this admirable instrument of locomotion will use their opportunities, they will bless the day that gave to them the wheel on which they may ride into the remote corners of the land.

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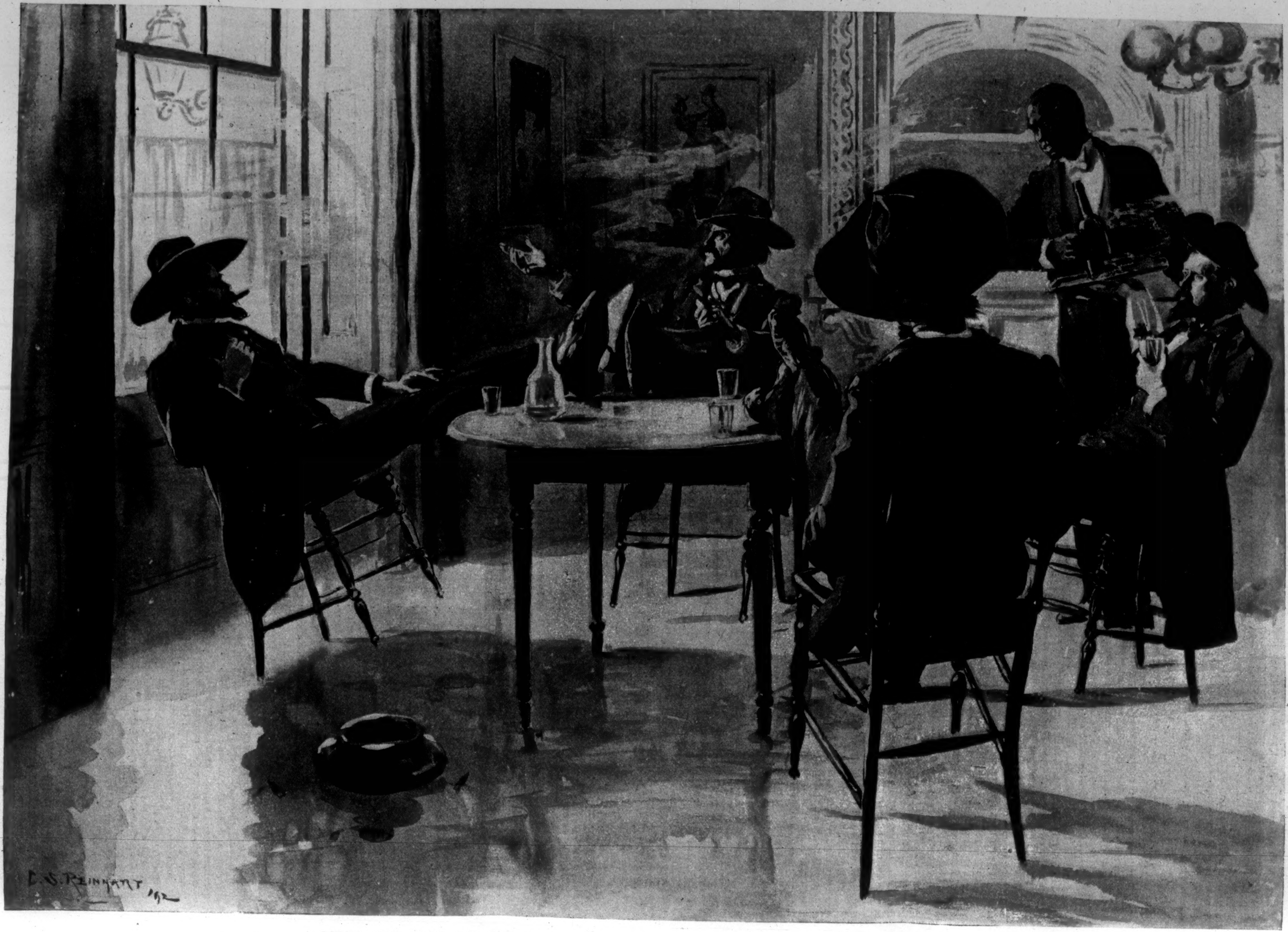
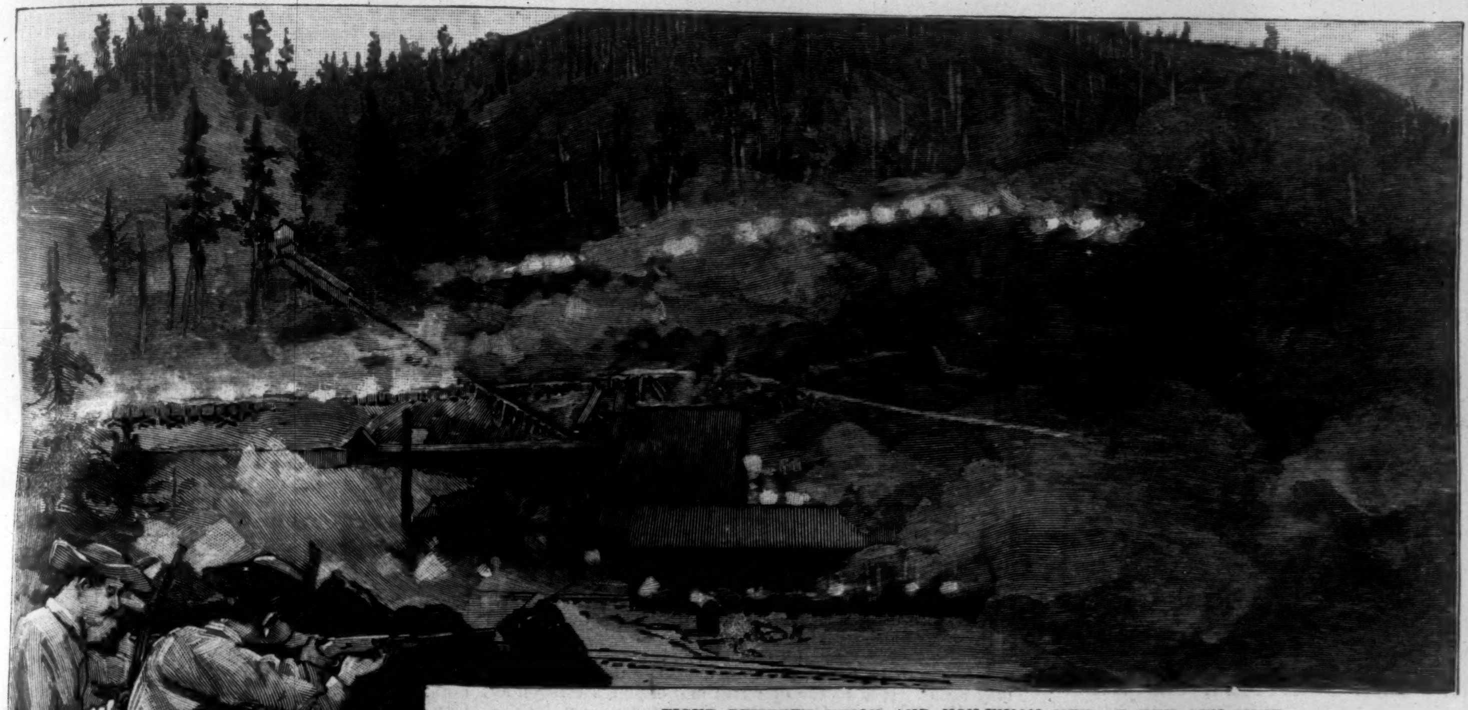
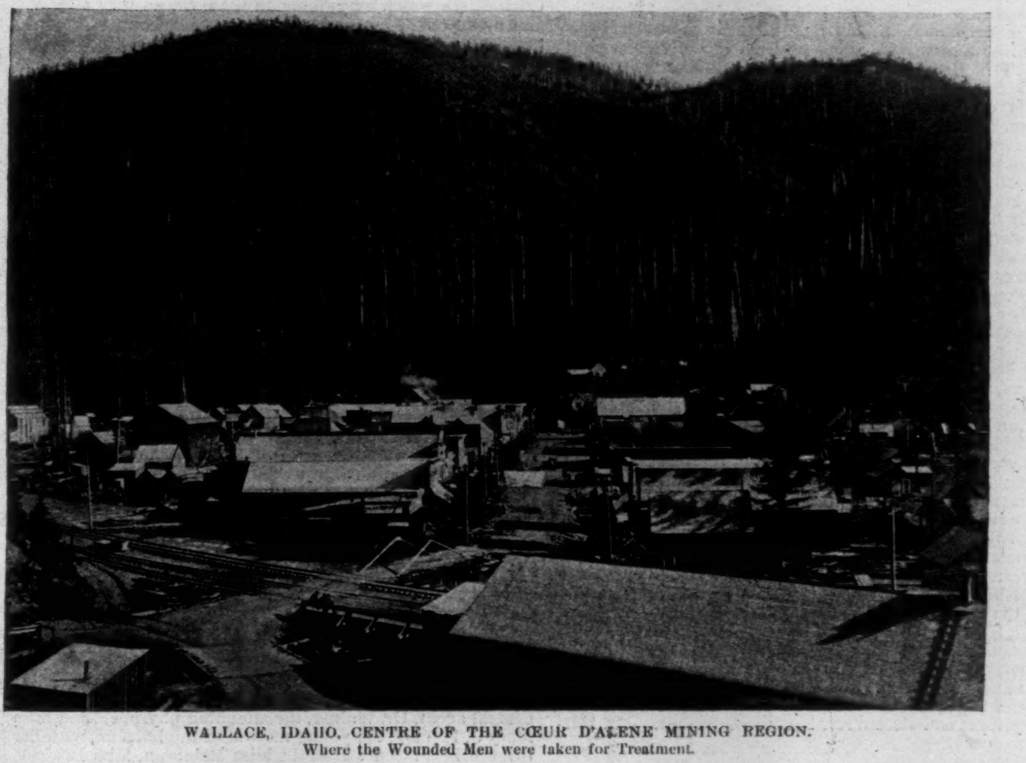

C. S. REINHART '92

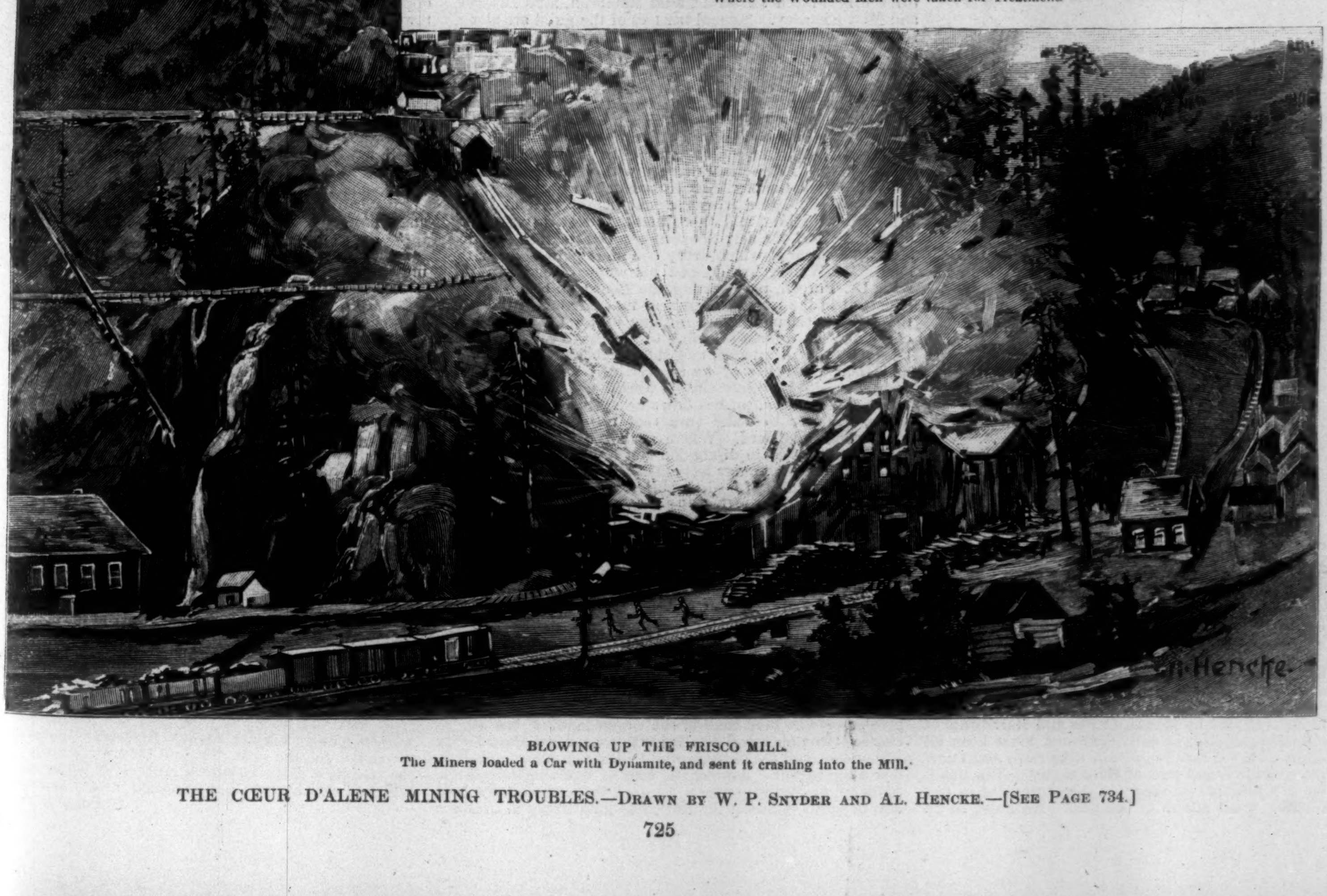
A DELEGATION FROM THE SOUTHWEST VISITING WASHINGTON.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 734.]



FIGHT BETWEEN UNION AND NON-UNION MEN AT THE GEM MINE.



WALLACE, IDAHO, CENTRE OF THE CŒUR D'ALENE MINING REGION.
Where the Wounded Men were taken for Treatment.



BLOWING UP THE FRISCO MILL.
The Miners loaded a Car with Dynamite, and sent it crashing into the Mill.

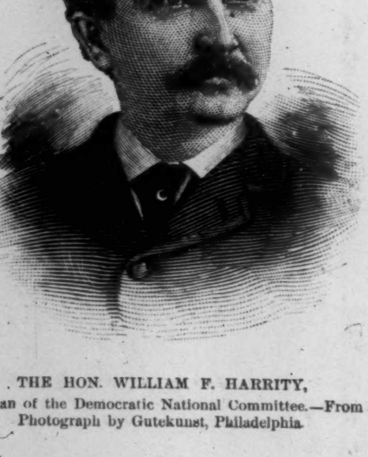
THE CŒUR D'ALENE MINING TROUBLES.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER AND AL. HENCKE.—[SEE PAGE 734.]

THE HON. THOMAS H. CARTER,
Chairman of the Republican National Committee.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

## RUNNING THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

THE two great political parties have selected their campaign managers. Mr. Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, has been chosen Chairman of the Republican National Committee, while Mr. William F. Harrity, of Pennsylvania, has been selected for the corresponding position in the Democratic party. The Republicans had a hard time in getting a man to fill the place. After the last campaign General Clarkson, of Iowa, succeeded Senator Quay as Chairman, and even after Mr. Harrison's nomination at Minneapolis the National Committee desired General Clarkson to still keep the place. But Mr. Harrison was opposed to confiding his campaign to the hands of the man who had tried to defeat his nomination, so General Clarkson could not be chosen. Then at the suggestion of Mr. Harrison the Committee elected Mr. W. J. Campbell, of Chicago. Mr. Campbell, however, declined to serve, and for several weeks the place went a-begging. It was offered to various persons, and declined. Then it was given to Mr. Carter, who had been a member of Congress, and was at the time Commissioner of the General Land-office. When he accepted the Chairmanship, he resigned his office. Mr. Carter is a young man, having been born in 1854 in Ohio. He has lived in Illinois and Iowa, and went to Montana in 1882. He was a Delegate in Congress from the Territory of Montana, and after the admission of Montana to the Union as a State he was elected its first Representative. Mr. Carter is considered to be a man of great political shrewdness, and in the West he is said to be a "hustler," which means that he is full of energy and vim, and fertile in resources.

There seemed to be a general desire among the Democrats that Mr. William C. Whitney, of New York, should take the Chairmanship which Senator Calvin Brice, of Ohio, held four years ago. But Mr. Whitney declared that he could not possibly take the place. He not only suggested but urged the selection of Mr. William F. Harrity, of Philadelphia, for the place, and Mr. Harrity was chosen. Mr. Harrity, who is about forty-five years old, was Postmaster of Philadelphia during Mr. Cleveland's administration. He is an experienced and shrewd political manager, and had charge of the recent campaign when the Democrats carried Pennsylvania and elected Mr. Pattison Governor. Mr. Harrity is President of the Equitable Trust Company of Philadelphia, a new institution that was started for his benefit when his term as Postmaster expired.



THE HON. WILLIAM F. HARRITY,
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

Now that the managers have been selected, the active work of the campaign will soon begin, and will probably wax warmer with every week until election day in November. The positions occupied by Messrs. Carter and Harrity are of very great responsibility, as each chairman must keep all of the details of the campaign within his grasp, and know what is going on in every part of the country. The qualities needed in a political manager are those required in any one conducting great affairs of business. He must be an organizer of men and have administrative talents. Running a campaign nowadays is like managing a great railway, or bank, or other business enterprise. The manager pays very little attention to the music and fireworks—his duties are of a more serious nature.

It is said that the late Samuel J. Tilden introduced the cold business methods now employed in political campaigns. Before his time much energy was wasted in hurrahs. He, however, was nothing if not businesslike, and believed that a systematic canvass quietly made would be much more effective than the old noisy method. So he tried his plan. It worked so well that it has been adopted to a greater or less extent by both parties in all subsequent campaigns. A campaign chairman to be a success must be a good collector of money, for these Presidential contests cost vast sums. It used to be the custom of the party in power to make a regular assessment on the salaries of all office-holders. These assessments were paid promptly, as a failure to do so would be punished by dismissal from office. It is now illegal to make such assessments; but office-holders, notwithstanding, are large contributors to the funds of the party. But even such contributions do not suffice, and the wealthy men of the party are called upon for assistance. It is said that the late Marshall Jewell, of Connecticut, who was the Chairman of the Republican National Committee in the Garfield-Hancock campaign, was the most successful collector of funds that ever engaged in such business. He was a genial business man, and rarely failed to get a liberal check when he asked for it. This money is used to a great extent in keeping up organizations in the various States, in distributing reading matter, in getting up meetings and processions, in paying the expenses of travelling stump-speakers, and sometimes, no doubt, in the direct corruption of voters.

In some of the States the result of an election is not uncertain, and in these not much work is necessary, though watch has to be kept lest through apathy the unexpected may occur. It is to the doubtful and close States, such as New York, Indiana, Connecticut, Ohio, Iowa, New Jersey, and California that most attention is given. The National Committees watch everything in these States very closely, and by means of meetings and processions keep the excitement to as high a pitch as possible. In these States country editors and speakers are supplied with material upon which to base their arguments. In some of the recent campaigns members of the National Committees have even stooped to the dissemination of scandals about the candidates. This was notably the case when Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine were the candidates. The last campaign was comparatively clean, and the present promises to be not less so. The chairman of a National Committee has a large number of assistants and an army of clerks, and from the time he takes office till the election is over he is as busy as it is possible for a man to be. It is not grateful employment, for if his party is defeated he is generally charged by his party with having lost the victory; if his party wins, he is usually charged by his opponents with having corrupted the suffrage.

## A DAY ON THE FLOATING HOSPITAL.

THE day is a Monday or Thursday, "west-side day" for the floating hospital of St. John's Guild. The fresh July morning, at seven o'clock still cool, portends mid day heat. A long way down West Fifty-ninth Street may be seen the white side, beneath bright awnings and fluttering flags, of a great barge lying at her pier in the North River. On the string-piece of the wharf a young woman with a child in her arms sits patiently waiting, the first arrival this day of the throng of sisters in poverty coming with their pining babes to the barge for a few hours of invigorating sea-air, of wholesome, plentiful food, of tender care and precept, as welcome guests of the great-hearted guild.

Breakfast for the officers and specially invited guests is served in the unpretentious little mid-deck cabin by the dignified and spectacled Japanese steward, Yeizo Ishii. The officials at the repast are the superintendent, Captain Kelly, and his first officer, Mr. Richards, C. Rockland Tyng, the general agent, Dr. Walker, the attending physician, and Miss Mary J. Pierson, the young matron of the hospital, with her three bright-faced assistants, Miss Robinson, Miss Bridges, and Miss Kingsley. Several trustees of the guild are along, including, one may be sure, Mr. John P. Faure, the chairman of the Floating Hospital Committee, indefatigable in his work to enhance the usefulness of the institution. The scene outside the cabin is a busy one, with ice-wagons and milk-wagons rattling down to the barge, where the employés of the boat, in neat uniforms of blue shirt and trousers, and white caps with a black band, actively swing down into the great refrigerator the square crystal lumps of ice and great cans of milk. All the time women with young children are gathering upon the pier. As eight o'clock approaches, two sailors run shoreward from the gang-plank, stretching each a rope behind him, and take their stand twenty feet out upon the wharf, the narrow space between the ropes leaving a passage through which every one must pass to enter the boat. Dr. Walker has donned his white official cap, and with Dr. Purcell, representing the Board of Health, takes his stand in the rope passage near its outer end. Between the two physicians file the retinue of women and young children, each woman stopping to present to the doctor the ticket bearing her name, and the number of her children, and their condition of health, certified by a responsible physician. With alert and practised eye the doctor inspects the children, pushes down an eyelid or pulls aside a wrap, in order to make sure that no contagious disease shall come on board. Where such a case is discovered, no time is wasted in discussion, but the rope is lifted, and the intending passengers left outside the passageway. Women with families of healthy children over six years of age who have come for a free pleasure excursion are similarly set one side. All who ought to do so get on board, and file up to the upper deck to dispose themselves and their offspring upon the long rows of settees distributed about this space. An employé stands ready to assist them up the stairway, and every woman, upon reaching the upper deck, receives a ticket for each one of her children, entitling it to a pint of milk.

The boat steams down the river to take passengers at the Thirty-fourth Street and the Tenth Street piers, the landings upon the west side. (Upon Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, "east side days," it similarly will visit the foot of East Twenty-sixth, Fifth, and Rutgers streets.) There are greater crowds here than at the upper landing, but all, including two policemen detailed to this work, get aboard with little delay, and the barge, towed by the tug, ploughs its way down the harbor. Among the four or five hundred people gathered on the upper deck, all poor, there are women bent and dejected, showing the results of long living in drunken homes; young women aged beyond their years from the effects of underfeeding, poverty, and abuse; hardened, brazen, grasping women ungrateful for the excursion, and seeking to get more than their share of its benefits. Nearly all have brought large lunch baskets, in which sausage, cucumbers, and green apples figure prominently, and these are quickly opened, and the main business of the day—eating—begins. It is the busy time for the doctor and nurses as they make the tour of the upper deck to ascertain the condition of the little patients. The weakest children are taken with their mothers to the main ward and placed in a comfortable crib, beside which the parent may sit and nurse her child. The poor children, when stripped, show lamentably the effects of maternal ignorance. One poor babe of a foreign-born mother is swathed so tightly that its ribs are bent in and distorted. This condition is a common one, and it is most pleasing to see Miss Kingsley, the ward nurse, take off these torturing bandages and lay the child in the crib, where, fanned by the pure salt breeze, the little creature drops asleep in a few minutes, in slumber refreshing beyond any it has ever had in its short pitiful life. In the ward this day are an English, a German, an Italian, and a negro woman, each watching her child with the same dumb ignorant affection. Upon the roof of the upper deck is the isolated ward of two rooms for contagious diseases that may have escaped the inspectors at the pier, but it has no patients to-day.

There is work on deck for Miss Pierson and her assistants. Women are feeding their children from bottles of vile watery milk or soured barley-water. One woman has a soda-water bottle filled with whiskey and water, another with whiskey and tea, which she is administering to her babe. Some of them, here for the first time, have nursing-bottles with jointed tubes which cannot be cleaned, and which become poisonous after they are once used. These tubes the nurses at once throw overboard, and in their stead give the mother a rubber nipple of approved form. The ignorance of these mothers is amusing, but, far more, pitiable. One comes to ask for some tea for baby. "It is too young for milk," she says. Once past Governors Island into clear waters bathing begins. In a room forward on the middle deck are fourteen separate spray baths and two tubs, supplied with salt water by a small engine. Every small boy that will consent is taken in hand by Miss Kingsley and her assistants, who administer, what many of them have never before known, a thorough bath. After the boys have been all bathed the small girls take their turn. Some of them are vastly frightened at first and howl lustily, but they all like it before the bath is completed.

The beautiful panorama of New York Harbor unfolds scene by scene as the barge, passing the Narrows, comes into the view and breezes of the open sea. The pretty girl waiters, in fresh gingham gowns and white caps, spending here their vacations from type-writing, teaching, and shop-work, have set the long tables on the lower deck, which are equipped with rows of large plates, each filled with very appetizing stew, bowls of tea, milked and sugared, and, free to all, unlimited bread and butter. Three hundred and fifty persons can be accommodated here at one time, and frequently there are three or four relays of guests at one trip. The women with their children come down the stairs, helped by a deck-hand, who prevents crowding, and gently lifts and sets at the foot of the stairs the babes of overloaded mothers. At every stage these people are under the eye and care of the matron, who gives clear directions, reproving the careless handling of children, or calling her assistants' attention to those who need help.

The continuous lunching of the forenoon does not affect the appetite of the guests at the table, sharpened by the sea-air and the unwonted outing. There is enough for all, and more. One woman has eaten in succession six plates of the beef stew. "Shall I bring you anything more?" asked a waiter.

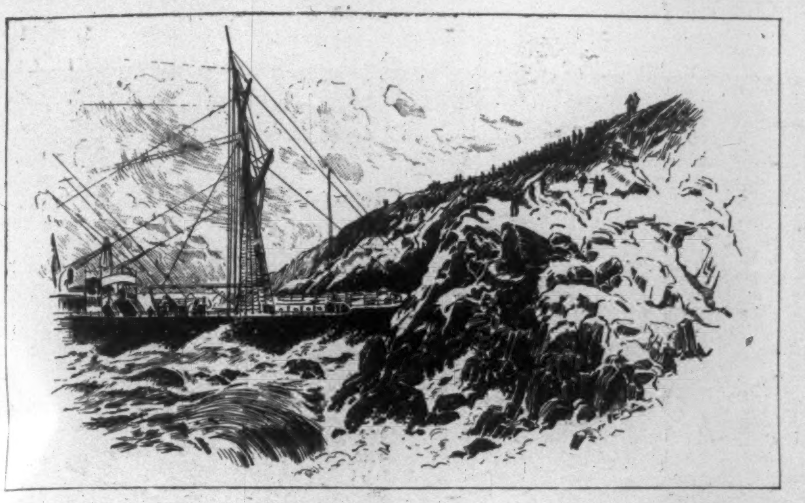
"I think I could eat a little more stew," the woman says, confidently. But all are full fed and content when they return to the upper deck. None the less they soon recur to their lunch baskets, and eat at intervals through the afternoon. Bread is given them unstintedly, and a pint of milk is again given out for each child.

While dinner is going on, the boat has come to anchor opposite a long brown building backed by a cedar grove, toward which the surf rolls in between two long piers. It is fronted by a sandy beach, upon which children are at play. It is the Sea-side Hospital of St. John's Guild. Boats set the sick children ashore with their mothers, where they may receive the excellent care of the hospital. In its long wards are double rows of beds, each with a little crib slung above it, in which the child may lie, while its mother occupies the bed beneath. Upon the broad veranda are chairs where mothers and patients may sit in the cool open ocean breeze, and the round-faced healthy-looking children, which have come here drooping, some dying, a few days before, are good to see. There are nearly 200 guests here, mothers and children, to-day, but 225 can be and are accommodated in times of unusually hot weather in New York.

For seventeen years the Floating Hospital has been gaining in scope of work, depending for support solely on the voluntary contributions of friends. The creed of St. John's Guild, so named because that saint's day occurs at the summer solstice, is to relieve the sick children of the poor of the city of New York. Last year nearly 29,000 children and their parents were taken down the harbor, and in all its history nearly half a million people has been carried on trips. The mother with a sick child may apply to the nearest hospital, dispensary, or physician for a ticket entitling her to a day's trip on the barge, and in case it be needed it is ofttimes supplemented by a few days' stay at the Sea-side Hospital. Besides her sick babe, she is permitted to take with her other small children that she cannot conveniently leave at home.

Not the least benefit to these poor people from the excursions is the instruction the nurses give them as to the care of their children. It is noted that on the trip following their first one there is almost invariably a marked improvement in the cleanliness of attire of mothers and children. Rules for the care of infants, printed both in English and German, are distributed for the instruction of these mothers. Late in the afternoon, as the boat comes up the harbor, there is a chance to see what the day's outing has done for the patients. There is no longer the fretful complaining of the children. Their faces have become rounder, their color is better, and the eyes, which in the morning were dull and vacant as if in death or in stupor, have become bright and clear, and look about with interest and animation. Those women whose children require it receive tickets from the physician for the next day, and they go to their homes in the tenement districts with a glimpse of better things than they had ever known, and refreshed in soul and body.

CLARENCE PULLEN.



## THE WRECK OF THE "CITY OF CHICAGO."

THE readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY have not forgotten the stranding of the steamer *City of Chicago* that took place so recently as July 1st. It was on a Friday evening, and the passengers were reflecting in the saloon, the smoking-room, and the other pleasant places of a big Atlantic liner on an excellent dinner, and the prospect of reaching Queenstown within a few hours, when a shock and a grinding jar roused them to sudden alarm. In the thick fog and the dripping night the steamer had run into the Emerald Isle. The place selected for the catastrophe was the Old Head of Kinsale, and the ship had run her bows as neatly as if by accurate intention into a cave at the foot of the cliff. There was no wind, no sea, and, happily, no danger. Indeed, a fifteen-foot plank reached from the bows of the steamer on to a projecting ledge of rock, so that the passengers could actually walk ashore. But having got thus on to land, a cliff 200 feet high faced them—a cliff of black clay slate sloping at an angle of fifty degrees. In the gloom the difficulties of the ascent were concealed, and one of the passengers climbed the cliff to telegraph the news of the disaster. As the passengers stood upon the narrow ledge of rock it seemed difficult to understand how they were to reach the level ground far above them, but the resourceful coast guards were equal to the occasion. From the top of the cliff they lowered rope-ladders with wooden bars, and by these perilous means upwards of two hundred passengers scrambled up the lofty cliffs in the darkness of the night, a feat which, had they been less excited and desperate, they would not have dreamed of attempting. Their movements were facilitated by a flare-light on the edge of the cliff. The rest of those on board made their way to a small creek a little way up the coast by means of the ship's boats. One of the few ladies who climbed the ladders dropped the baby she was carrying, but a sailor caught the little man as handily as if he had been a baseball. Another lady fainted as she reached the top of the ladder. She was caught, however, by the arms of the crowd who waited a the top of the ladder, and, together with her companions, assisted through the knee-deep heather to shelter.

By daybreak all who had come off the vessel by the rocks had reached safe quarters, and, after a short interval of rest, started for Kinsale, about ten to twelve miles off. All sorts of vehicles were called into requisition for the purpose, including manure-carts and donkey-butts; in fact, everything that was capable of moving on wheels was pressed into the service. The charge for the journey varied from five to ten shillings a head, but people were willing to pay almost any sum to get away; and though grumbling was heard occasionally at the excessive charges, all appeared to be glad to get off so well. Others, however, were not so fortunate. Vehicles were scarce, and many had to tramp the entire distance into Kinsale, where every kindness was extended to them. Thence they proceeded to Cork and to their respective destinations.

## THE CLEVELAND-STEVENSON NOTIFICATION.

THE public notification of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson that they had been nominated for President and Vice-President was an innovation. It was a democratic ceremony, and there was a certain fitness in taking advantage of the occasion for a great popular celebration. That the rank and file of the Democratic party approved of it was evidenced by the enormous multitude that gathered in the Garden and shouted themselves hoarse over the very sight of their favorite candidates. The event is noteworthy in the history of American politics.

The notification was made on the evening of July 20th at the Madison Square Garden. The hour at which the ceremony was to begin was fixed at half past eight, but more than two hours before that time the people began to assemble about the closed doors and to fill the walks along the four sides of the building. The evening was delightfully cool for the season of the year, but inside the building the swarming crowds sent the thermometer flying upwards. An enterprising newspaper had distributed ten thousand fans in the course of the afternoon, and their fluttering moved the atmosphere to some degree of comfort.

When the doors were opened at seven o'clock, the multitude rushed in and poured over the great space that had been empty only a moment before. It is impossible for one who has not seen the incoming of a great mass of people who have been impatiently waiting for admission in the streets to realize how quickly they can fill a building even as large as Madison Square Garden. The doors swing wide, there is a sprinkling of individuals who had just been standing pressed hard against the barrier by the crowd behind them, and who now make a dash in order to retain their precedence, while behind them comes a great struggling, pushing, eager mob. It is like a huge wave coming shorewards, throwing drops of spray in advance, and following with a heavy and thunderous body of solid water.

The crowd having filled up the floor, stood there for more than an hour waiting for the great event which was to inaugurate a new system of notifying candidates, and was also to begin the Presidential campaign of this year. The people stood—for, as at the political meetings held in the Garden last fall, no seats were provided—chatting, chaffing, joking, fanning, and now and then breaking forth in tumultuous cheering.

In the mean while the platform and the private boxes were filling up with the great men of the Democratic party. There were the men who had struggled for Mr. Cleveland's nomination, and the Tammany leaders who had done their utmost to defeat him. There were the members of the National Committee, members and ex-members of Congress. There were men who had represented the country abroad during Mr. Cleveland's administration, like Mr. Perry Belmont, ex-Minister to Spain, and Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, ex-Minister to the Netherlands. There was Governor Flower, whose entrance was greeted with a cheer. It was a great spectacle upon which the leaders looked, and it was most gratifying to those who had suggested the new method.

Its success was demonstrated when the earliest comers began to gather at the doors at six o'clock. It was all that had been expected, and besides making the event itself notable, it was a most stimulating beginning of the campaign.

It was after eight o'clock when the distinguished centres of attraction for the evening appeared. And then the cheering that greeted Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Whitney, and Mr. White, was a noise that will be long remembered by the ears that heard it. When the people got tired of cheering they chanted a refrain about "Four years more of Grover." Sometimes the band, which was over on the Twenty-sixth Street side of the Garden, played. Only the people who were near the musicians knew of their efforts for harmony.

Presently Congressman W. L. Wilson, of West Virginia, arose, and after a while the people who were near the stage heard him pronounce his graceful message from the Democratic party to Grover Cleveland. Mr. Wilson, as every one knows, was once president of his State university, and he looks and speaks like the scholarly gentleman he is. While Mr. Wilson was announcing his nomination to her husband, Mrs. Cleveland entered the Garden, and once more deafening cheers arose, to which the gracious lady graciously responded.

It was a long time before Mr. Cleveland could get an opportunity to make his reply. It seemed as though the 20,000 people—this is a newspaper estimate of the number present—would never be done greeting their candidate. He had stood up while Mr. Wilson was delivering his speech, but after waving his hand to the crowd to obtain quiet, he sat down and let them go on making all the noise they wanted to. He sat thus for very nearly ten minutes, and then began to speak before the cheering had wholly subsided. Mr. Cleveland was heard by more people than any of the other speakers of the evening. His voice has a certain carrying quality which was noticed at his inauguration in 1885 and at the Garden last fall. Like all the ex-President's speeches, this one was temperate, dignified, and thoroughly prepared.

After him came Mr. Stevenson's notification. The announcement was made by Mr. Stephen L. White, who was once Lieutenant-Governor of California, and the response was delivered by the tall fine-looking Illinoisan with forceful gesture, and then there was more cheering, more pantomimic attempts at music, and more cheerful badinage as the meeting broke up and the crowd moved off.

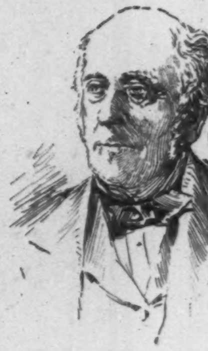
After the great meeting there was an equally great reception at the Manhattan Club. The house was packed with all the Democrats who could be crowded within its walls, and Mr. Cleveland's hand was shaken until it must have ached. From beginning to end the event had been a wonderful success.

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

## PERSONAL.

THE traveller who seeks **TOLSTOÏ** in his home with preconceived notions of the Russian reformer's personality is at first view surprised and disappointed, for the count appears to be a very plain and simple man, physically and intellectually like any of the peasants in the neighboring village. But a glance from his small and piercing gray-blue eyes, which look the visitor through and through, and a wise saying uttered off-hand, at once dissipate the delusion. **TOLSTOÏ** is very cordial in his intercourse with strangers and a genial companion with his guests. He is one of the kindest-hearted of men, always on the alert to avoid hurting any one's feelings. On all occasions he wears the gray woollen blouse and sheepskin coat of the peasant, with top-boots on his feet.

—**THOMAS COOK**, with whose name all travellers are well acquainted, died at his home near Leicester, England, on July 19th. Mr. **COOK** was born November 22, 1808, and as a young man gave evidences of great ability in the various lines of work which he undertook. He was much interested in the temperance agitation, which in 1841 attracted much attention, and in connection with a large open-air meeting held in Leicester the first Cook Excursion was arranged. Railroads were novelties then, and the high rates of fare prevented them from being better known, but Mr. **COOK** made arrangements for a special train at a low fare, and superintended his first popular excursion. From that time his field of work in that particular line has grown and spread, until to-day the travelled world is familiar with his name and success. Mr. **GLADSTONE** has said that Mr. **COOK** has been "one of the most important factors in England's progress during the past half-century."



—**ANDREW CARNEGIE**'s present prominence before the public recalls an exploit of his youth soon after he became a telegraph operator at Pittsburg, nearly forty years ago. Because of the high water in the Ohio, the smoke-stack of a steamboat had carried away the wires across the river at Steubenville, and young **CARNEGIE**, who was then barely sixteen years old, was sent to take care of the messages until the line could be repaired. He received the messages coming from the West, and despatched them by boat to Wheeling every few hours, accomplishing the task so skilfully that soon after his return to the main office he was promoted.

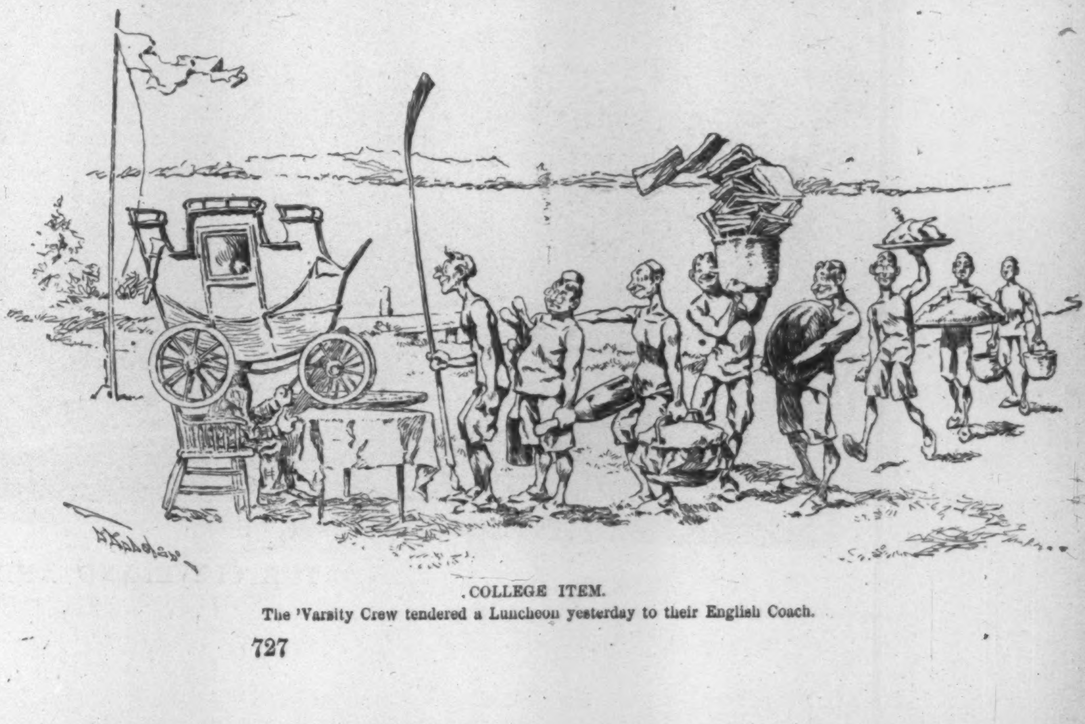
—So many French people of consequence, from kings and duchesses down, have been fond of posing as amateur cooks that it is not surprising to learn that **ALEXANDRE DUMAS** took great pride in his culinary skill. He is said, indeed, to have been prouder of making a stew than of writing a successful novel or play, and he was the only frequenter of the famous Café de Paris who was ever allowed to enter its kitchens. **GEORGE ELIOT** had a similar liking for going into the kitchen, and, according to popular tradition, it gave her great gratification to make a good omelet.

—**RICHARD CROKER**, who rose from a machinist's bench to be the powerful head of Tammany Hall, was engineer of the first steam fire-engine used in New York. He afterwards became foreman of Engine Company 28, a position of influence and importance in politics, and his election as Alderman a few years later, in 1867, gave him a start on the career he has since followed with so much success.

—**JOHN C. ENO**, the most distinguished of the American exiles in Canada, lives comfortably in Quebec in a handsome brownstone house, and is frequently seen in society. He is said to be the life of the luxurious Union Club, which owes its existence in great part to his efforts, and is popular and contented. He has grown stout in recent years, and now weighs about two hundred pounds, while his face is ruddy, and there is every physical evidence that existence is agreeable with him.

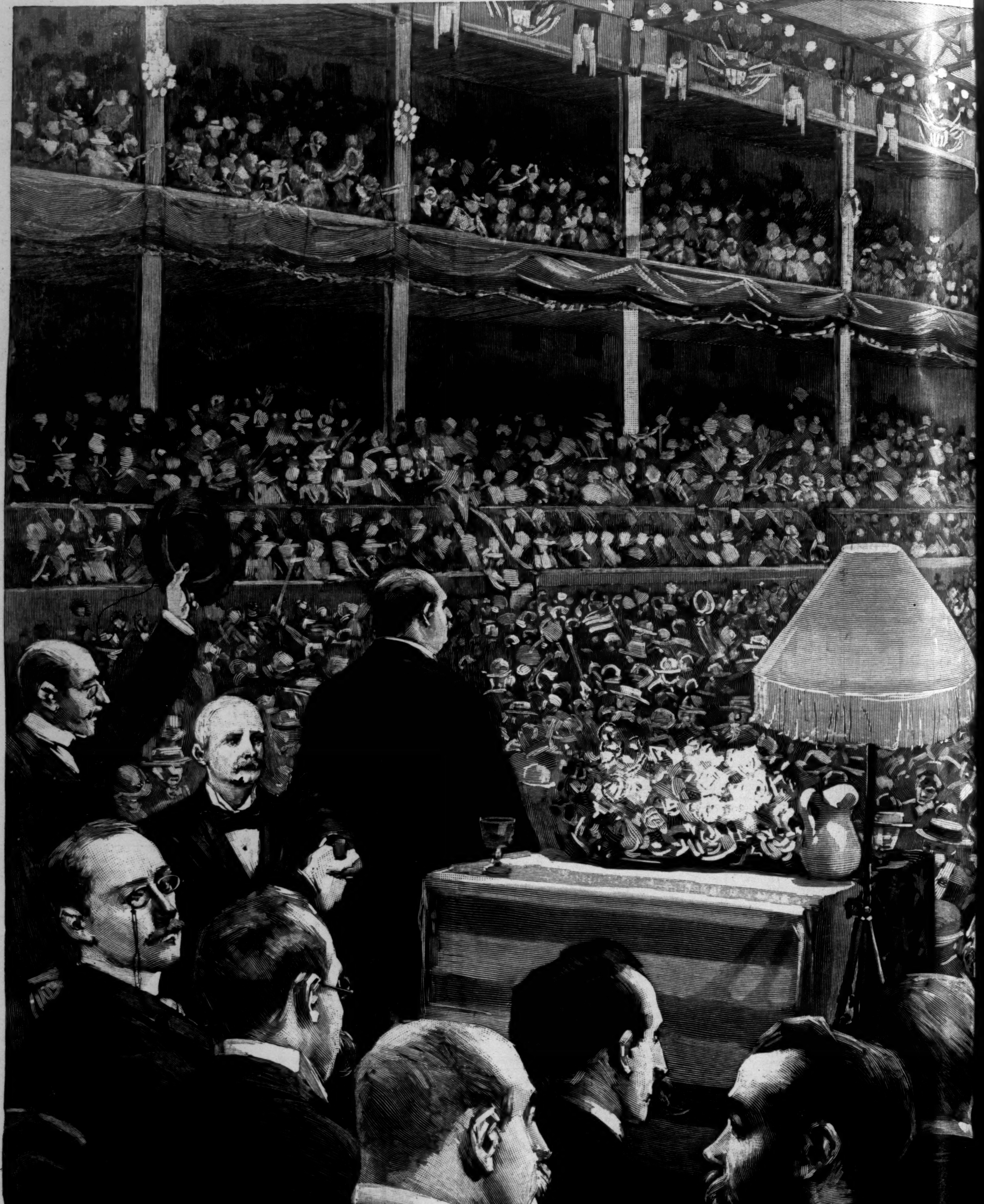
—Few people were aware that any descendants of the poet **BURNS** were living, and the news that his line is about to become extinct is less startling than interesting. The poet's great-great-grandson, a child but a few months old, died in Chicago recently, and the child's father is lying dangerously hurt in a hospital in that city. The only other surviving relatives of the Scotch bard are the mother and aunt of the dying man, who live in London, and are old and feeble.

—The late General **HARDINGE**, the Queen's Equerry, was one of the bravest of England's soldiers. He entered the army in 1844, when a youth of sixteen, and up to the time when, in 1890, he was relieved of the command of Gibraltar his service was most distinguished. He fought with great credit in the Punjaub, at Balaklava, Inkerman, and Sevastopol, and later in Afghanistan, and was honored with many medals and clasps in recognition of his valor. From 1881 to 1885 he was commander-in-chief of the forces in Bombay.

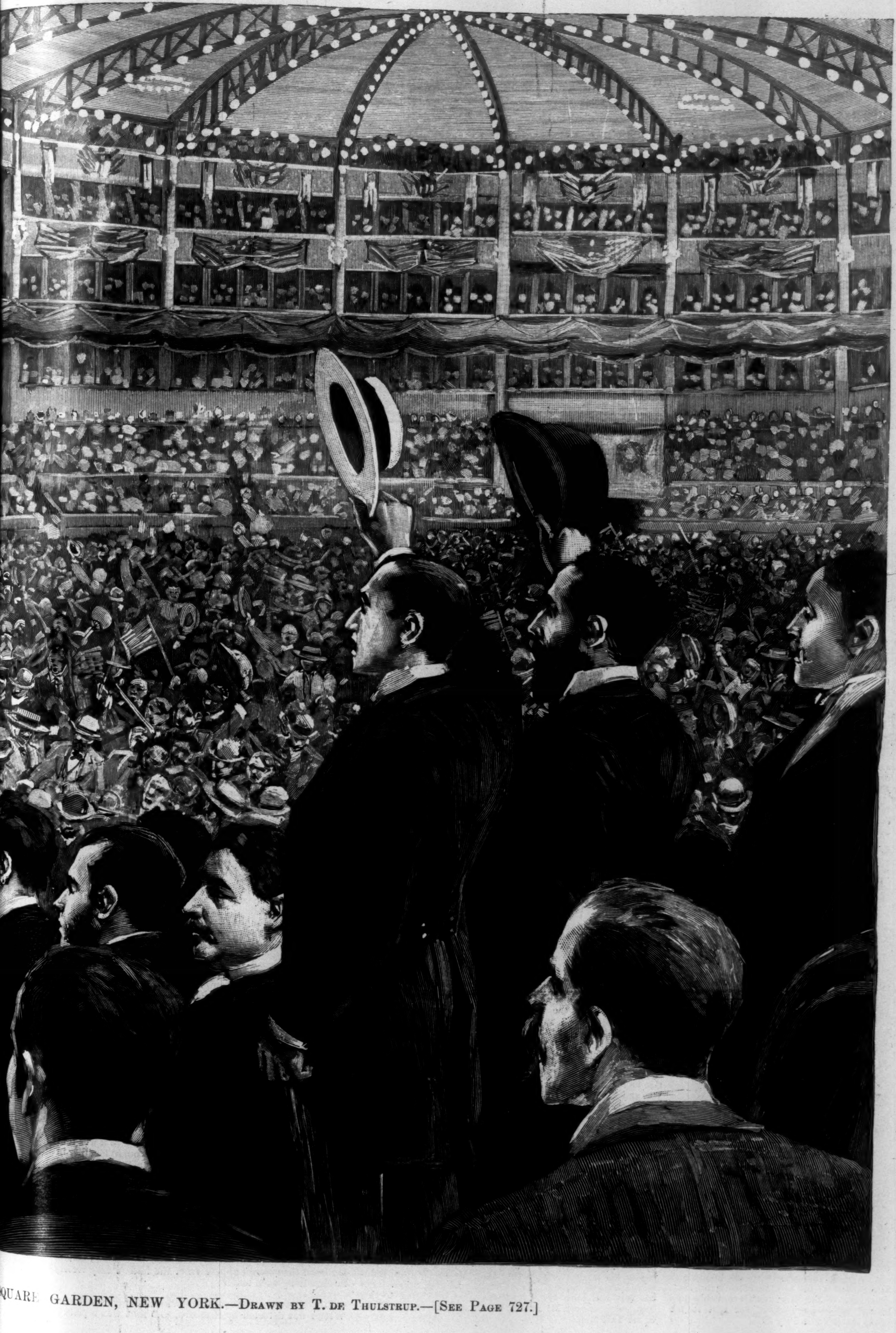


COLLEGE ITEM.

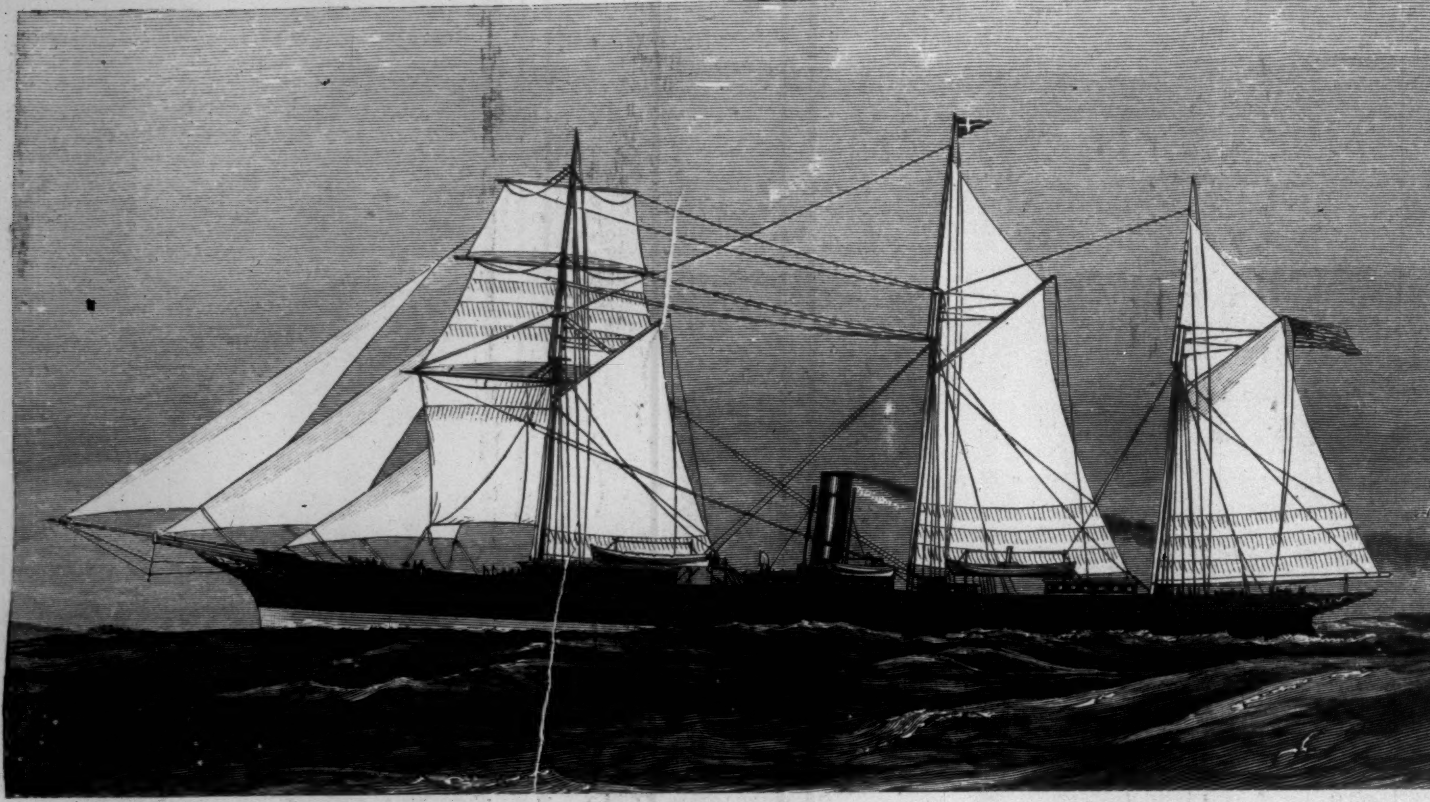
The 'Varsity Crew tendered a Luncheon yesterday to their English Coach.



THE CLEVELAND AND STEVENSON NOTIFICATION MEETING AT MADIS



QUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 727.]

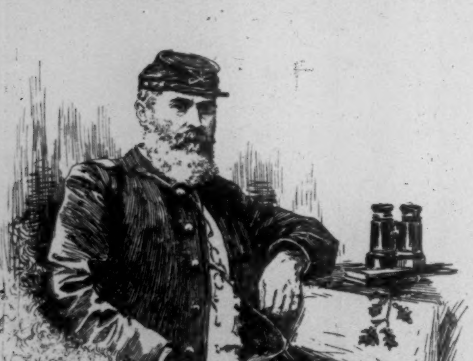


MR. W. K. VANDERBILT'S STEAM-YACHT "ALVA."
Run down and sunk by the Freight Steamer "H. F. Dimock," while at anchor off Nantucket Shoals in a fog, July 24, 1892. No lives lost.

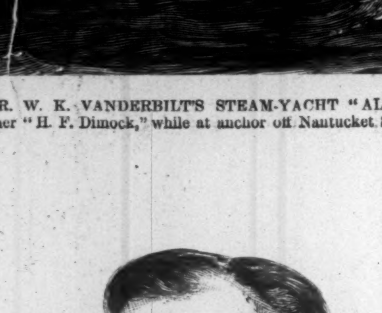
## BRIGADIER-GENERAL EUGENE A. CARR.

It was announced, July 19th, that the President had at last decided upon the successor to Brigadier-General Stanley, recently retired, and had named Brevet Major-General Eugene A. Carr for the place. When a vacancy is made in the army lists through death or retirement, the President may exercise his own judgment as to who shall be promoted to the higher office, whereas in the navy the law of seniority prevails. In this case, after mature deliberation, President Harrison has selected the officer who stood number one on the lineal list for promotion. It has been generally supposed in army circles that General Carr would be the fortunate man, although nothing definite could be stated until the President had made known his selection. General Carr is at present commanding the Sixth Regiment of Cavalry, which is stationed at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska.

Eugene A. Carr is a New-Yorker by birth, and in the fall of 1846 was appointed as a cadet to the Military Academy at West Point. At his graduation in 1850 he was given the brevet of Second Lieutenant, receiving his full commission as such a year later. In March, 1855, he was made First Lieutenant in the First Cavalry, and in 1858 received his commission as Captain. He was then attached to the Fourth Cavalry. During the war General Carr was actively engaged in many important operations and battles, and was rewarded with several brevets in the regular service "for gallant and meritorious service" in the field, and in some notable engagements in the Southwest. He was made Major of the Fifth Cavalry in 1862, and received numerous brevet ranks in the Volunteer service, being mustered out of the Volunteers in 1866 as brevet Major-General. In 1873 he was made Lieutenant-Colonel in the Fourth Cavalry, being transferred later to the Fifth Cavalry, and in 1879 he was made Colonel of his present command. General Carr has been actively concerned in many of the Indian wars of the West, and has proved himself an able and efficient soldier. His record during the war, and his later participation in the Indian troubles, have reflected greatly to his honor and credit, and he is regarded by his brother officers and associates as fully deserving of the Brigadier-Generalship just conferred upon him. The nomination was sent to the Senate by President Harrison on July 20th.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL EUGENE A. CARR, U.S.A.



THE HON. GEORGE SHIRAS. JUN., ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT

## A NEW SUPREME COURT JUSTICE.

The President has taken a long while to select a successor on the bench of the United States Supreme Court to Mr. Justice Bradley, who died several months ago. He has, however, at last made a choice, and nominated to the Senate Mr. George Shiras, Jun., of Pittsburg, for the vacancy. Mr. Shiras has never held public office, but has for many years been one of the best-known lawyers in his State, and the leader of the Pittsburg bar. The Bar Association of that city joined in a recommendation of him for the place, and urged the President to make the appointment. Mr. Shiras was born in Pittsburg in 1832, and has lived there all his life. He entered the Ohio University in 1851 and the Yale Law School in 1853. Yale College conferred the degree of LL.D. upon him several years ago. In his class at college were Andrew D. White and Wayne MacVeagh, and both of these supported his candidacy for the justiceship. Since he began practice he has always been a very busy and hard-working lawyer, and his income from his practice is said to have been very large for a number of years past. He has never been an active partisan, though a high-tariff Republican. In 1881, when there was a deadlock in the Pennsylvania Legislature over the election of a United States Senator, at a meeting of the Republican caucus it was decided by a majority of two to elect Mr. Shiras. The next day, however, this vote was reconsidered, and John J. Mitchell, who was Senator till 1887, was selected instead. The appointment of Mr. Shiras is said to be distasteful to Senator Don Cameron. Lawyers in the Senate, however, regard the appointment as a very good one, as in his profession Mr. Shiras ranks very high. His brother, Oliver P. Shiras, is the United States District Judge for the Northern District of Iowa. Pennsylvania has not been represented on the Supreme Court bench since the retirement of Mr. Justice Strong in 1880. Mr. Shiras will be the fifth man from that State to occupy a place on this bench, his predecessors having been Messrs. Wilson, Baldwin, Grier, and Strong. Yale College, when Mr. Shiras takes his seat, will have three representatives belonging to this high court, as both Mr. Justice Brown and Mr. Justice Brewer are Yale men.

## AMATEVR · SPORT

The Longwood Cricket Club last week gathered together the finest array of lawn-tennis-players that will be seen outside of Newport during the present season. There was some disappointment over the default of Richard Stevens and V. G. Hall in the first round, and it is true that no prominent player from New York or its vicinity was among the entries. But Hovey, R. D. Wrenn, Malcolm Chace, Tallant, and R. V. Beach—all New England players of note—were there to meet the flower of the West—S. T. Chase, fresh from his championship won the week before at Chicago; Q. A. Shaw, Jun., his partner in doubles; and Tobin and Hubbard, the champions of the Pacific coast. E. L. Hall, the winner of the Challenge Cup last year, was also there all the week, waiting to accept the challenge of the best of the fifty-two entries. In order that the test of merit might be as nearly as possible similar to that at Newport, it was one of the conditions of play that every match should consist of the best three in five sets, and I noticed that more than one player fell by the way-side early in the fray on account of those two extra sets.

A notable feature of the play in the early rounds was the poor form shown by Philip Sears. This is a player who has gone down at Newport each year only after a gallant struggle, and has pluckily announced after each defeat that he would do better the next time. Perhaps it was the prestige of such a great name in lawn-tennis that has led some of us to think that in some not distant year Philip Sears would carry off the championship honors. After seeing him play at Longwood last week it is not possible that such expectations can be realized this year; for, conceding that his poor showing was largely due to lack of practice, it does not seem possible that in the three short weeks now remaining before the commencement of play at Newport he can reach that perfection of form necessary to carry a contestant successfully through the All Comers. After winning two close matches last week from very ordinary players, he was easily beaten by S. T. Chase, scoring only seven games in three sets. While I have great respect for the skill of the Western champion, I feel that there will be several more formidable adversaries to meet at Newport, and so I am afraid that Sears as a championship possibility this year must be dismissed from consideration.

The match between Q. A. Shaw and R. D. Wrenn was interesting only because both were left-handed players, and for the additional reason that Shaw is a former champion of Harvard, while Wrenn at present holds the honor. The play itself was disappointing, for the ex-champion, in his present form, was no match for his adversary. The Yale champion, A. J. Shaw, made a much better stand against S. T. Chase, losing in three straight sets, each being close and well played. The two Californians, Tobin and Hubbard, met with hard luck in the drawing. Under the old system of drawing, every effort was made to keep members of the same club apart until the final rounds, but the Bagnall-Wilde system renders this impossible, and so it was that the two Californians were unfortunately brought together in the third round last week. Hubbard won the match very easily—too easily, indeed, as it seemed to most of the spectators. I think it was the general impression that Tobin, knowing that Hubbard was slightly better than himself, was careful to allow him to win without over-exertion, for the latter was still one round behind the remaining contestants, and was obliged to play Wrenn on the afternoon of the same day. Tobin is physically remarkably well adapted for the game; he is tall and has a good reach, shows good judgment, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, is nearer in skill to Hubbard than would appear from the latter's easy victory in their Longwood match.

The great surprise of the tournament occurred when Wrenn was defeated by Hubbard, who thus won a place in the semi-finals. The spectators, most of them residents of Boston, did not like to see a Harvard champion beaten, but at the same time no one of them begrudged Hubbard his victory, partly, perhaps, because he had journeyed so far to take part in the tournament, but also because his strokes were graceful and clean cut, and his general play a revelation. To those with the interests of lawn-tennis at heart, it was a surprise and a gratification that the game had reached such a state of development so far west as California. Nor did it detract much from the credit of Hubbard's victory that he was compelled to yield to Hovey in the semi-finals, for the latter is now playing even better than last year, and the man who can take a set from him is doing well. Before meeting Hubbard he had defeated F. S. Noon, the strong English player, in three straight sets, and the Californian was now compelled to take the same dose.

**Young Malcolm Chace**, the Interscholastic champion, covered himself with glory, and partially consoled the champions of young blood for Wrenn's defeat by winning from S. T. Chase in the remaining match of the semi-final round. The youngster played like a veteran, and won three sets out of four somewhat easily, although the Western champion struggled desperately, and showed the same good form which marked his play at Chicago two weeks ago. Thus Hovey and Malcolm Chace were brought together in the final round, and the result was, of course, a foregone conclusion, for the two had already met three times before during the season, and Hovey had scored an easy victory on each occasion. I think that Hovey's improvement this year consists almost entirely of increased steadiness in play. He was always brilliant; now he is both brilliant and steady. At Newport last summer he presented the final match to Hobart by making three double faults in succession. I don't believe that any of his adversaries may hope for such good luck during the present season. His victory over young Chace last week would not have been so popular had it not been the instrument of bringing him once more against his great rival of last year, E. L. Hall, in a second struggle for the Longwood challenge cup.

The defeat of Hall in the championship round was hardly a surprise. Hovey's star has been in the ascendent ever since he took up his racket this season, and notwithstanding the good form shown by Hall in all his matches, it seemed to be generally expected that, Hovey's foot being, as it were, on his native heath, the victory would remain with him. And so it did, but not until five sets had been played, only one of which, however, was a deuce set. In the fifth set a game went to Hovey on a decision that was satisfactory to almost none of the spectators.

**Four years ago** the tennis-players of the Northwest met at Lake Minnetonka, near the city of Minneapolis, and held the first tennis tournament of any note in that part of the country. Each succeeding year there has been a tournament, and each tournament has eclipsed its predecessor in interest and importance. This season greater interest than ever has been shown, and better work has been done. The Northwestern Tennis Tournament, as it is called, began at the Hotel St. Louis, Lake Minnetonka, July 19th, and continued through Tuesday, July 26th. A natural amphitheatre rises from the courts, offering a fine view. The playing of these Westerners differs but little, if any, from the playing of the Eastern men. If there is any appreciable difference in methods, it would probably be found by the discerning critic in more radical work, so to speak, in the West—a less conservative mode. Still, many of the players who are coming to the front in the Northwestern bouts are Eastern collegians who have won no mean honors nearer the sea.

There are no reasons why the playing of tennis in the West may not be as successful along all the lines as in the East. There are there certainly as much brawn, as much agility, as much of that quality which, for want of a fitter term, we call "nerve." So, with training, the Westerners ought to be as successful in this rarest of gentlemanly sports as their Eastern brothers. Among the men who have shown excellent work in this tourney are the Wrenn brothers, of Chicago; Belden, of Minneapolis; Elbing, of Chicago; Hefflefinger, of Minneapolis; Melrose, of Iowa; Ryerson and Chase, Western champions in doubles; Wallace, of Minneapolis; Jayne, of St. Paul.

In 1889 Jayne, of St. Paul, won the Northwestern championship; in 1890 Belden, of Minneapolis, won; in 1891 Elbing, of Chicago.

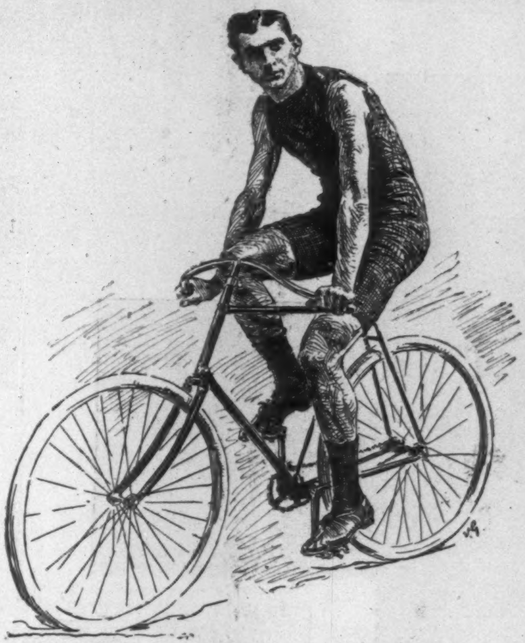
There have been many tennis enthusiasts in attendance upon this tournament. Every year a tennis hop is given, a swell affair. The prizes presented are fine and appropriate.

**The thirteenth annual meet** of the American Canoe Association will begin August 5th at Willsboro Point, Lake Champlain. The meet of 1891 was held at the same place, and lasted, as this year's meet will, for three weeks. The sailing and paddling races will be called the middle week. Commodore Winne has chosen able men in every case to serve on the various committees, and this fact, together with the experience gained at the same place last year, will insure a smooth working of all the machinery. Racing is by no means the prime object of the canoe meet, and yet it helps greatly to bring the men to camp and keep up their interest while there. Between two and three hundred canoe-men and canoe-women camp out, and do more or less canoeing during the three weeks of the meet, but less than fifty of them compete in the races.

**Many of the old sailors** will not race this year, and as yet there are no new ones of marked ability who are likely to come to the front so far as the local races have shown. T. S. Oxholm, of Yonkers, and Paul Butler, of Lowell, are in fine racing trim, have splendid boats, and are sure to give good accounts of themselves. Both have tried for years to win the Trophy, and each has come very near to winning it. Each has one victory to his credit on the Pecowsic Cup. If either one of them wins it this year, the cup will become his property. Should Oxholm win the Trophy, which seems quite probable, then he could not sail for the Pecowsic Cup, and Butler's chances are so much the better. The paddling Trophy is almost sure to be won again by a Canadian. The Americans do not do as much paddling as their neighbors over the border, nor do they train as faithfully for these races, which counts for much. Last year fifth place was the best an American could do in the Trophy race. One or two new men appear at each meet, and do very good racing—men who have not been heard of before as racers—but they rarely win any of the important events. Racing experience in either paddling or sailing counts for much, and those without it are seriously handicapped.

**Arthur A. Zimmerman**, the New York Athletic Club bicycle-racer, achieved many notable performances while abroad. Visiting England early in the spring as he did, the foreign racing men placed little confidence in his ability to either break records or defeat their racing men. The American's initial performance rather implied that his tour abroad was to be a failure, but, although succumbing to inferior foreign racers early in May, he has succeeded in accomplishing records that have never been equalled in England. After his erratic riding at first, Zimmerman silenced all reflections upon his abilities by creating his first record at Herne Hill on May 19th, when he lowered the quarter-mile standing-start record to 32⅖ seconds. Again, on May 24th, he reduced the flying quarter-mile record to 30 seconds flat. These performances illustrated to the Englishmen that the American racer was a rider of no small ability.

In his visit to Germany, in June, the reduction of the 2000-metre record from 3 minutes and 13 seconds to 3 minutes and 11 seconds, and the 3000-metre record from 4 minutes 47⅘ seconds to 4 minutes 47⅗ seconds, vanquishing the best German riders, were notable performances. While in Germany Zimmerman also rode a half-mile in 1 minute 4 seconds. His record performances were considered marvellous by the foreign racers; but in the National Cyclist's Union championship races he won the one, five, and fifty miles events, defeating the pick of European racers. His tandem performances with H. Bradbury, the English racer, just before sailing, eclipses any of his previous records.



ARTHUR A. ZIMMERMAN.
From a Photograph by Van Norman, Springfield, Massachusetts.

In company with Bradbury, he rode a mile in 2 minutes 17⅗ seconds, and five miles in 12 minutes 56⅕ seconds. This was the American's final effort before leaving for home. It is deeply to be regretted that Zimmerman did not try for the one-mile record while abroad, his friends being sanguine of his ability to lower it. His foreign trip has been a great success in all but one respect—the failure to meet the English champion, F. J. Osmond. The latter refused to meet Zimmerman in his early races, and also avoided the American in the N. C. U. championship events. His refusal to meet Zimmerman has been attributed to his fear of defeat, but this accusation is rather severe, since Osmond was not really in good condition at any time during Zimmerman's trip abroad, and consequently acted wisely in refusing to meet so formidable a man as the American.

The failure to arrange a match between the two, really leaves the question of superiority undecided. The likelihood of F. J. Osmond visiting America this fall is very promising; possibly then the question may be decided.

**The Thirteenth Annual Meet** of the League of American Wheelmen, which was held at Washington on July 18th, 19th, and 20th, has passed into history, and it was one of the most successful of any of the national gatherings ever held by that organization. Between five and six thousand wheelmen were present from all sections of the country, many of whom came on special trains, principal among them being the Massachusetts, New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago delegations. That the meeting was a success has already been said, but it must be confessed that it was the city itself, with its beautiful streets and facilities for entertaining riders of the wheel, that saved it, for—owing principally to want of experience in handling such affairs—there was a lack of system in the management of the races which was perhaps better appreciated by the frequenters of the large tournaments. In the first place, the Columbia Athletic Club's track on Analostin Island is difficult of access, two small tugs with one barge being the only facilities provided for transportation of the audience, and, in consequence, it required considerable time to transport the people after the races were over. In addition the track is entirely unfitted for cycle races. It is eight feet short of a quarter, and is not properly banked, this last defect being the most serious one, and in consequence thereof there were so many tumbles on the turns on the afternoon of Tuesday, when the first day's races were run, that Tyler and several of the other fast men retired in disgust and refused to race on Wednesday. In other respects the racing was good, some of the finishes being remarkably close and exciting, notably the finish between Barrett and Banker in the national L. A. W. quarter-mile championship, in which Barrett beat Banker right on the tape, the decision being so close that the crowd on the bleachers took occasion to vigorously express their disapproval, although the judges were undoubtedly correct; and that between Draper and Campbell in the half-mile ordinary L. A. W. championship, when the A. C. S. N. rider on his rational ordinary beat Campbell of the Manhattan Athletic Club, who was on a geared ordinary, by a beautiful spurt in the last hundred yards.

The wheelmen, of course, were out for enjoyment, and consequently the very liberal series of entertainments provided by the District of Columbia Division was well patronized, the smokers, river excursions, runs, and luncheons filling up what was unquestionably a most delightful programme.

**One of the great questions** to which the League of American Wheelmen is devoting its attention is the matter of roads improvement, and legislation on that subject received a great impetus. The Senate Committee on Inter-State Commerce heard a number of the foremost men of the league put in a plea for recognition. President Burdett of Hartford, Vice-President Sheridan of Chicago, and Chief Consuls Gerould of Illinois, Perkins of Massachusetts, and Mott of Maryland were among those present, and they addressed the committee in favor of the bill for a National Highway Commission, introduced by Senator Manderson in the Senate and Congressman Post in the House, General Roy Stone, of New York, the author of the bill, explaining its object. The league is enlisting all of its friends in both Houses in its behalf, and should the matter be drawn to a successful conclusion, the L. A. W. will have reason to pride itself on having accomplished the most practical reform in the shape of roads improvement yet introduced. It was felt that the matter is especially important at this time as it provides for a report to the next Congress as to the best means of utilizing the World's Fair at Chicago for the promotion of the question, and for demonstrating in a practical way to thousands the advantages of better highways throughout the length and breadth of the country.

**Another matter of great importance** was the action taken by the National Racing Board at its meeting on Tuesday night. While the details of this meeting have not been officially announced, enough has transpired to warrant the assertion that some radical changes are either contemplated or will be recommended by this committee of the League, which governs cycle-racing. It is more than hinted that the violations of the amateur rule which have been charged in various quarters, and the evasion of the expense question, are to be boldly grappled with and settled, and in consequence a very great deal of uneasiness prevails among those cracks who are said to be objects of suspicion. The problem is one which is difficult of solution, and the Racing Board will have its hands more than full in attempting to settle it in a way which will be perfectly satisfactory and yet not bar the fast men from competition. This last would be a suicidal act, since very nearly all of the interest in cycle race meets centres in a few bright particular stars. The great public pay their money to see the Windles, Zimmermans, Osmonds, Tylers, *et al.*, and with men of this class thrown out, the gates would be small indeed.

**It is also rumored** that international championships which will be open to the world will be inaugurated next year. This is a move in the right direction. The N. C. U. of England bar no amateur rider from competition for the blue ribbon of the English path, and America can well follow their example. As at present provided by the racing rules of the L. A. W., the national championships are open only to winners of the division events, and the glory which attaches to them does not compare with that which is accorded the winner of the world's mile open race at Springfield's tournaments, for example. By making the championships international, and throwing them open to the world, the winner would hold a title to be proud of.

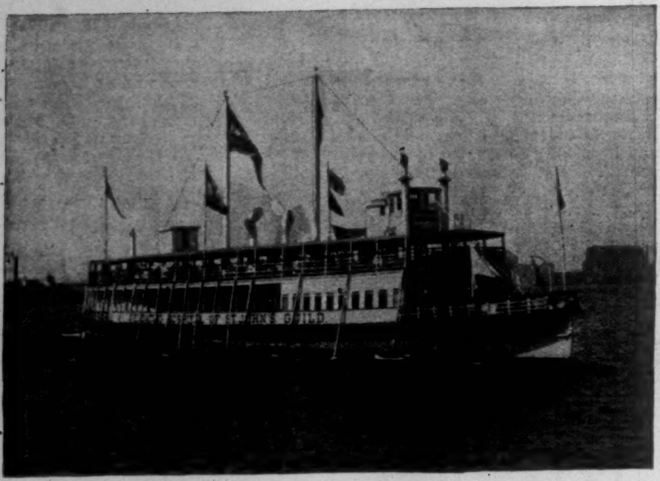
**From across the ocean** the news was disseminated among the visitors to Washington that a number of the English and Irish stars would be seen in competition at the fall tournaments this year, and the expression of opinion was universal that nothing would so greatly add to the public interest in those events. The information came from the inside, and there is very little reason to doubt that some of the best foreign riders will visit this country in the autumn. Even the mighty Osmond himself, it is said, will be among the number, and if he comes, it will be with the determination to retrieve his lost laurels from the Jersey lad who carried off England's premier honors. Hartford, Springfield, and Philadelphia—the last taking its place on the national circuit through the announced tournament of the A. C. C. of that city—are all making elaborate preparations for the reception of the flyers, and while the records have already been cut down wonderfully this season, it is a foregone conclusion that they will go several notches lower: 2.12 for the mile is more than a possibility; it is a probability.

**One of the wonderful rides** of the week was the performance of C. W. Dorntge and W. H. Penseyres, of Buffalo, who, at the Baltimore supplement to the National Meet, covered five miles in the world's record time of 12.14, lowering the figures of 12.56 just made by Zimmerman and Bradbury. The times for each mile were as follows: one mile, 2.24⅕; two miles, 4.47⅗; three miles, 7.15⅕; four miles, 9.45; five miles, 12.14. These figures are away below anything ever before ridden on cycles, and are especially noteworthy when it is remembered that they were done on the new quarter-mile track just built by the Baltimore cyclers. They were paced by Hermann, Wheeler, Tyler, Banker, Githens, Campbell, Mullikin, and Munger, and much of their success was due to the excellent pacing, in which the American riders have greatly improved since last season.

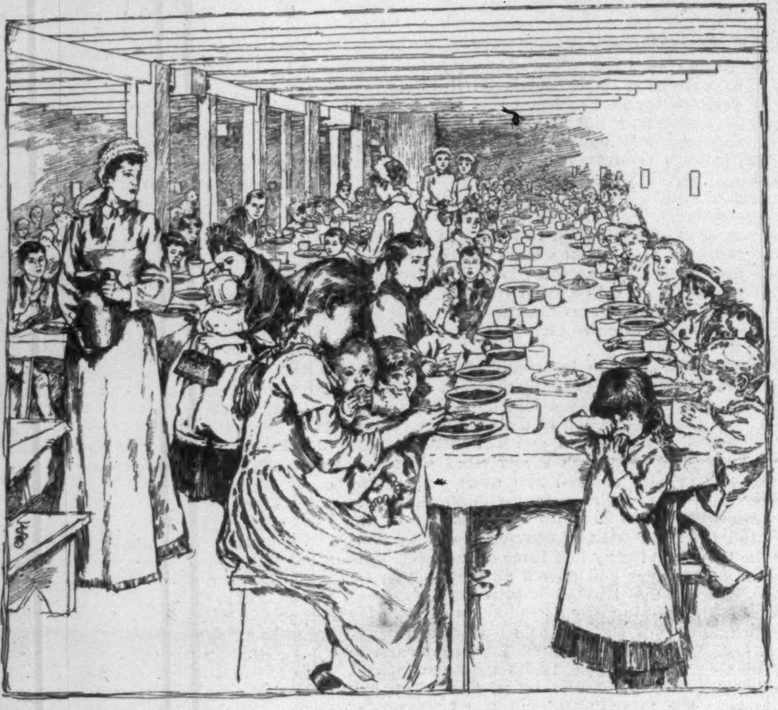
**Mr. Oswald Sanderson's twenty-five-rater** *Pyxie*, a drawing of which appeared in Harper's Weekly of June 18th, made a most remarkable record for herself last week. *Pyxie* left the Larchmont Yacht Club on the 16th inst. at 10.30 A.M. under try-sail and No. 2 jib, the wind blowing very strong from west-northwest, with a lumpy sea. Notwithstanding a broken gaff on the following day in a thrash to windward, necessitating the setting of a try-sail, *Pyxie* made the trip from Larchmont to Boston in fifty-five hours, the log showing an average speed of ten miles an hour to Little Gull Island Light. It is refreshing to witness in such small yachts the high standard of ability as well as speed which has been reached in this little ship, and too much praise cannot be bestowed on the designer and the plucky owner for demonstrating the now undisputed fact that speed and safety can be combined even in small craft.

Caspar W. Whitney.

"AMERICAN FOOTBALL."—By Walter Camp.—With 31 Portraits.—Price, $1 25.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

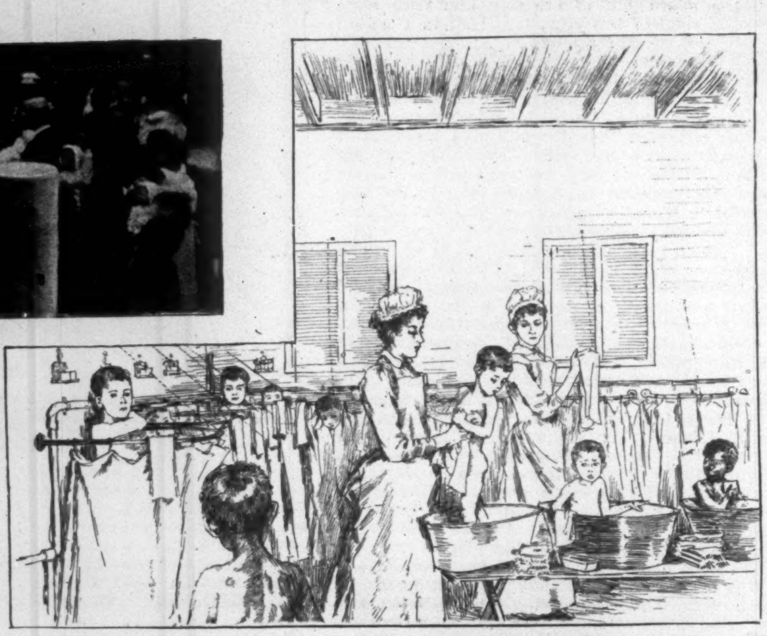


THE START.

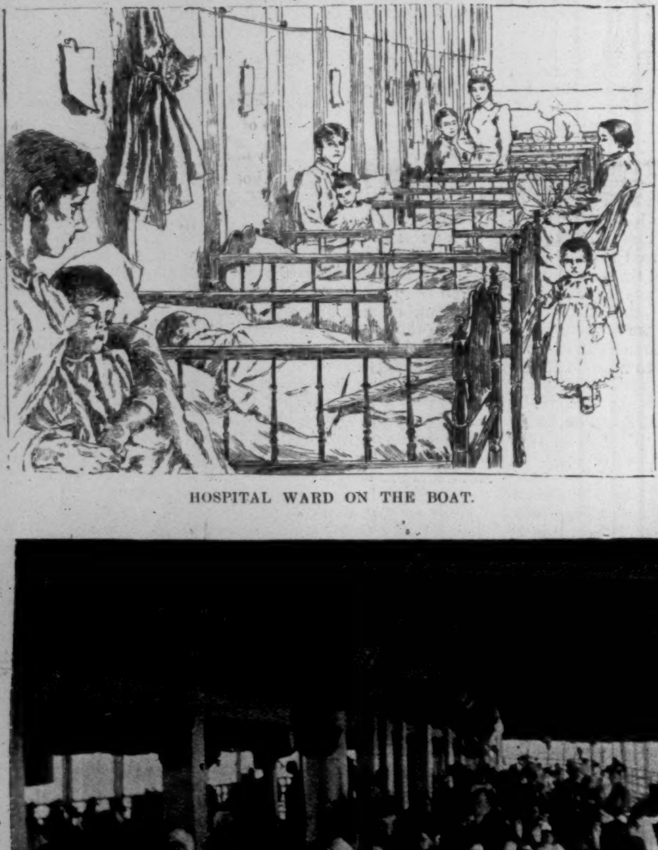


DINNER ON THE BOAT.

THE DOCTOR'S EXAMINATION BEFORE STARTING.

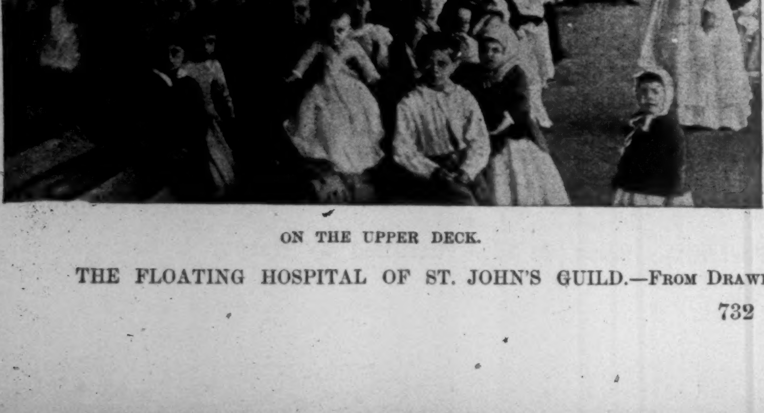


IN THE BATH-ROOM.

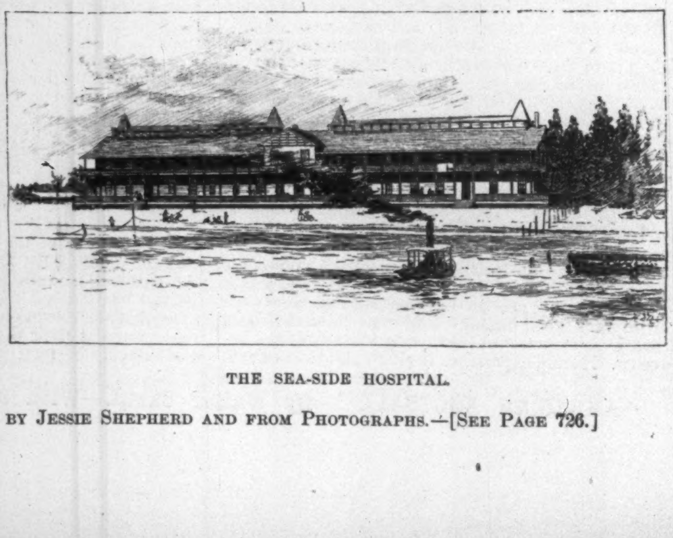


HOSPITAL WARD ON THE BOAT.

PATIENTS GOING ASHORE.

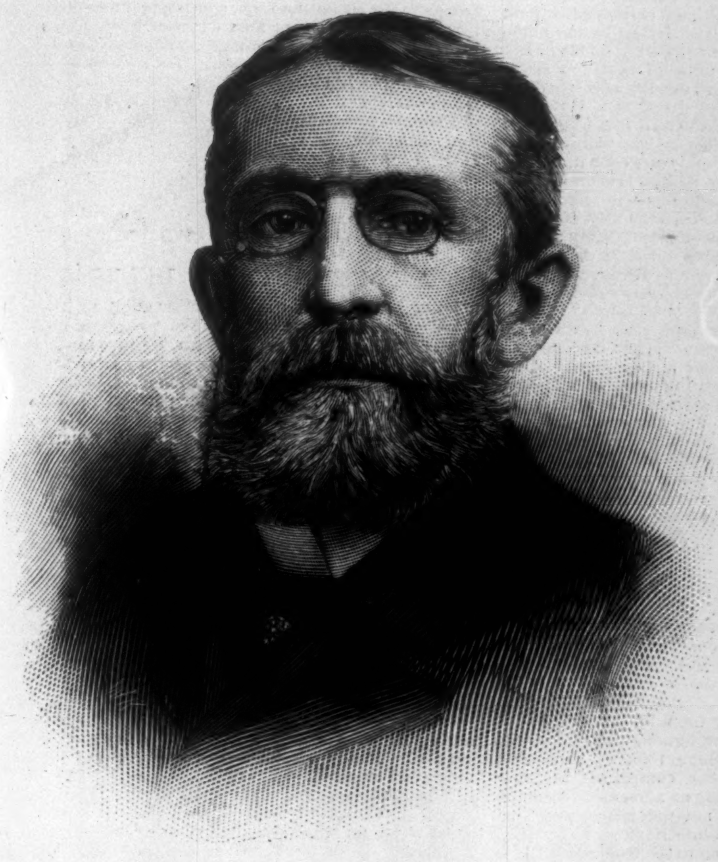


ON THE UPPER DECK.



THE SEA-SIDE HOSPITAL.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN'S GUILD.—FROM DRAWINGS BY JESSIE SHEPHERD AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 726.]



THE HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.—From a Photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

## HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.

The gentleman whom President Harrison has named to the Senate as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia will bring to his post a reputation that makes his appointment a distinct expression of the kindly feeling of the Republic to the Empire. The Hon. Andrew D. White is one of the small class who may fairly be called at once scholars and publicists by profession. He was born in this State, in the little town of Homer, Cortland County, on the 7th of November, 1832, and is thus in the very maturity of his powers. He was a student first at Hobart, and afterward at Yale College, from which latter institution he graduated in the famous class of 1853. He was attached for a time to the legation at St. Petersburg as secretary, beginning his training in diplomacy early. There he had the opportunity to study the great empire at one of the most interesting as well as one of the most mournful periods of its history, when the Emperor Nicholas was putting forth in vain the utmost powers of his government to meet the combined forces of France, England, Turkey, and Piedmont. It was a field on which history was making on a grand scale, when the "Third" Napoleon was at the very zenith of his influence, when Italian unity was in its birth-struggle, and when the Sublime Porte, in its momentary triumph, was really sinking toward extinction as a European power.

In 1857 Mr. White was appointed to the chair of History in the University of Michigan, but was obliged by uncertain health to return to Europe. In 1862 he was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, where he took a prominent part, and always an honorable one. It was at that time that he became deeply interested in the plans of the Hon. Ezra Cornell, who was also a member of the Senate, for the foundation of the Cornell University. He was Mr. Cornell's most intimate and trusted adviser as to the new university, of which he accepted the Presidency, and assisted actively in its organization and development. His first responsible diplomatic position was as a member of the commission which President Grant sent to San Domingo to examine the question of the proposed annexation of that little state. In 1879 he was appointed by President Hayes as Minister to Berlin, which was then decidedly among the highest, if not the highest, post in the foreign service. He discharged its duties with entire satisfaction to the two governments, and availed himself of the opportunity to extend his historical studies, making at the same time a wide circle of friends among the scholars of that scholarly nation. On his return he resumed the Presidency of Cornell University, where he remained until 1885. "President" White, as he is usually termed, has always been deeply interested in public affairs, bringing to them the resources of a thoroughly trained mind, and always seeking the application of high standards of public duty. He has been a zealous supporter of the cause of civil service reform, and his influence has been widely felt.

It is not probable that in his new post he will have very difficult duties to perform, unless some delicate questions should arise in connection with the Jewish exodus. But he will have invaluable opportunities for his favorite studies. Russia is to-day bound by secret but clearly intimate ties to France, and there is hardly a statesman in Europe who does not dread a conflict, regarded as almost certain and possibly near, between these allies and the triple alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy. The change in the government of England may disturb the unstable equilibrium that has been maintained with such difficulty. Mr. White may be a witness of one of the great crises of Europe as he was nearly forty years ago.

SHUT YOUR EARS

To the representations of unscrupulous dealers who tell you that their bogus nostrums and local bitters are identical with or akin to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Such statements are false. Ask for, and insist upon having, the genuine article, which is a well-ascertained remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, rheumatism, kidney disorder, and the infirmities incident to age.—[*Adv.*]

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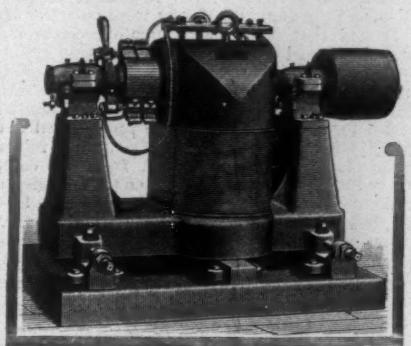

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WHERE humming flies frequent, and where
Pink petals open to the air,

The wild-rose thicket seems to be
The summer in epitome.

Amid its gold-green coverts meet
The late dew and the noonday heat;

Around it, to the sea-rim harsh,
The patient levels of the marsh;

And o'er it the blue heavens bent,
Half sufferance and half content.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

## THE CŒUR D'ALENE TROUBLE.

THE fierce conflict at the Homestead Steel-works was quickly followed by an outbreak among the miners of the Cœur d'Alene district in Idaho. The Cœur d'Alene mines are noted for their large output of both lead and silver. They are situated in Shoshone County, Idaho, about eighty miles from the city of Spokane, and are penetrated by branches of both the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads. The group is made up of about a dozen mines, which produce from 100 to 400 tons of ore per day each. The ore is reduced to concentrates in mills situated at convenient points, and these concentrates are shipped out of the country to smelting establishments at Denver, Salt Lake City, Omaha, and other places. About 2000 men are employed when the mines are in full operation, and the annual product is worth fully $8,000,000. It is said that these mines yield one-eighth of the entire amount of lead consumed in the United States.

Up to a few weeks ago the miners employed belonged to the Miners' Union. In January the mines shut down because of a dispute in regard to rates with the railroads. When the trouble with the railroads was adjusted, and the mine-owners were ready to resume operations in April last, a schedule of wages was proposed which reduced the pay of certain classes of men. The schedule continued the wages of regular miners at $3 50 per day, but proposed to cut the wages of shovellers, carmen, and ordinary laborers down to $3 per day.

This was the schedule in force up to January, 1891, when the Miners' Union demanded that all men employed be paid $3 50 per day. The demand was acceded to by the mine-owners; but when they proposed to reopen the mines in last April, they claimed that the low price of lead and silver would not permit them to continue to pay the new schedule. The result was that the members of the Miners' Union refused to work, and threatened to not permit non-union men to enter the mines to take their places. The mine-owners set about to secure non-union men, and succeeded in obtaining a considerable number. Early in June several of the mines were enabled to resume operations with non-union labor. There was constant irritation between the union men and the new men brought into the mines. Many threats were made, and the situation became critical. Two non-union men were driven out of the town of Burke, where are situated the Tiger and Poorman mines. They suffered great privations in crossing the mountains, and barely escaped with their lives. This was followed soon after by an application before the United States courts at Boisé City, the capital of Idaho, for an injunction order restraining members of the Miners' Union from committing acts of violence. Accessions to the non-union forces continued to arrive, and the situation grew more critical. The Governor of Idaho came upon the scene, and made an investigation for himself. Soon after his return to the capital, he made a request of President Harrison to send troops to the mines to prevent an expected outbreak. President Harrison did not think the situation warranted interference on the part of the army. In this he was supported by the Representatives in Congress of the State of Idaho.

Early Monday morning, July 11th, a large force of union miners made an attack on the men employed by the Gem Mine in Cañon Creek. The men employed in the Gem Works were partially armed, and made some resistance, but were soon overpowered and compelled to surrender, four or five of them being killed in the conflict. A short time afterwards a box-car loaded with dynamite was sent down in front of the concentrating works of the Frisco Mine and exploded, almost totally destroying the mill. These acts of violence precipitated a conflict throughout the entire district. The union miners everywhere took up arms, and marched from one camp to another, compelling the non-union men to surrender, and exacting an agreement from the owners of the mines to discharge non-union men and send them out of the country. An absolute reign of terror then ensued. Urgent appeals were made to the Governor of Idaho for assistance. But the State militia was wholly inadequate. The President was asked to send United States troops to the scene of action, and issued immediate orders to that end. Troops were hurried from Forts Sherman, Walla Walla, Vancouver, Spokane, Missoula, and Keogh, the whole aggregating over 2000. These were concentrated near Wardner on Thursday, the 14th instant, under command of General W. P. Carlin, of Fort Sherman.

Martial law was declared by the Governor of Idaho throughout the entire Cœur d'Alene district. General Carlin first entered Wardner, and took possession without resistance, and then established his forces in other mining towns in the district. It is believed that no further serious trouble will occur.

JOHN R. REAVIS.

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Most of the men from the West and the South have a decided love of ease, and when the time comes for wearing overcoats they find the sleeves an irksome encumbrance, and throw their coats over their shoulders as if they were cloaks or shawls. This sort of thing is characteristic of all the sections of the country where men are not bound to a conventional appearance by stiff rules; but the Southwesterner not only loves his ease, but he loves the methods by which he maintains his ease. So you shall find him at the capital clad as Mr. Reinhart has represented him, determined to have a good time in his own good way, and sure that with the expenditure of a few more millions Galveston Harbor will surpass New York's great waterway, and will make Texas the entrepôt of the country. It is one of the inevitable results of lobbying for a river and harbor bill that the man who indulges in it always comes under the power of this word entrepôt.

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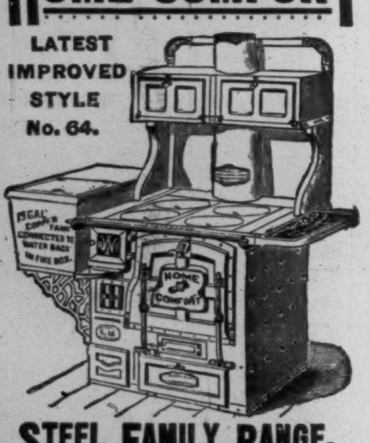

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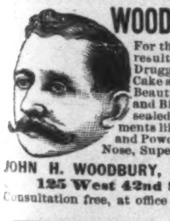

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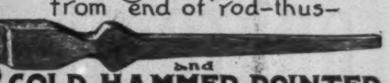

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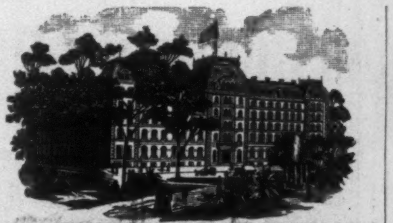

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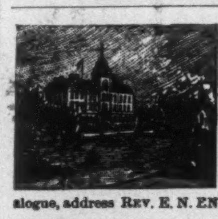

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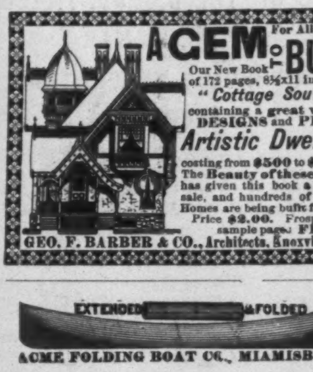

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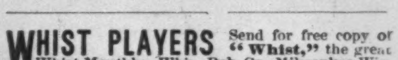

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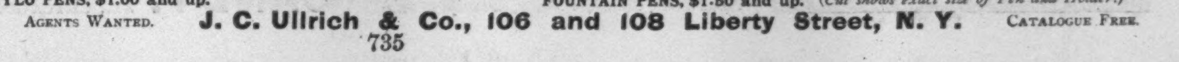

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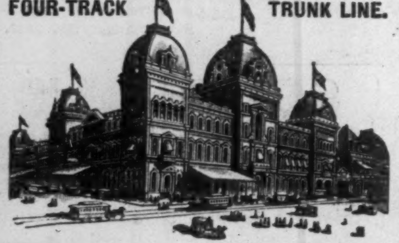

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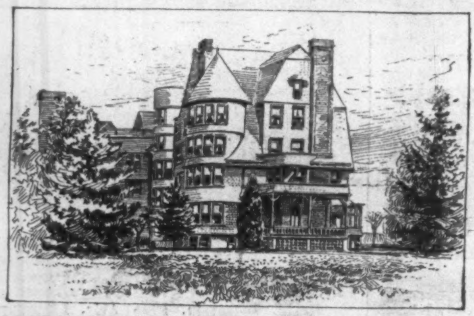

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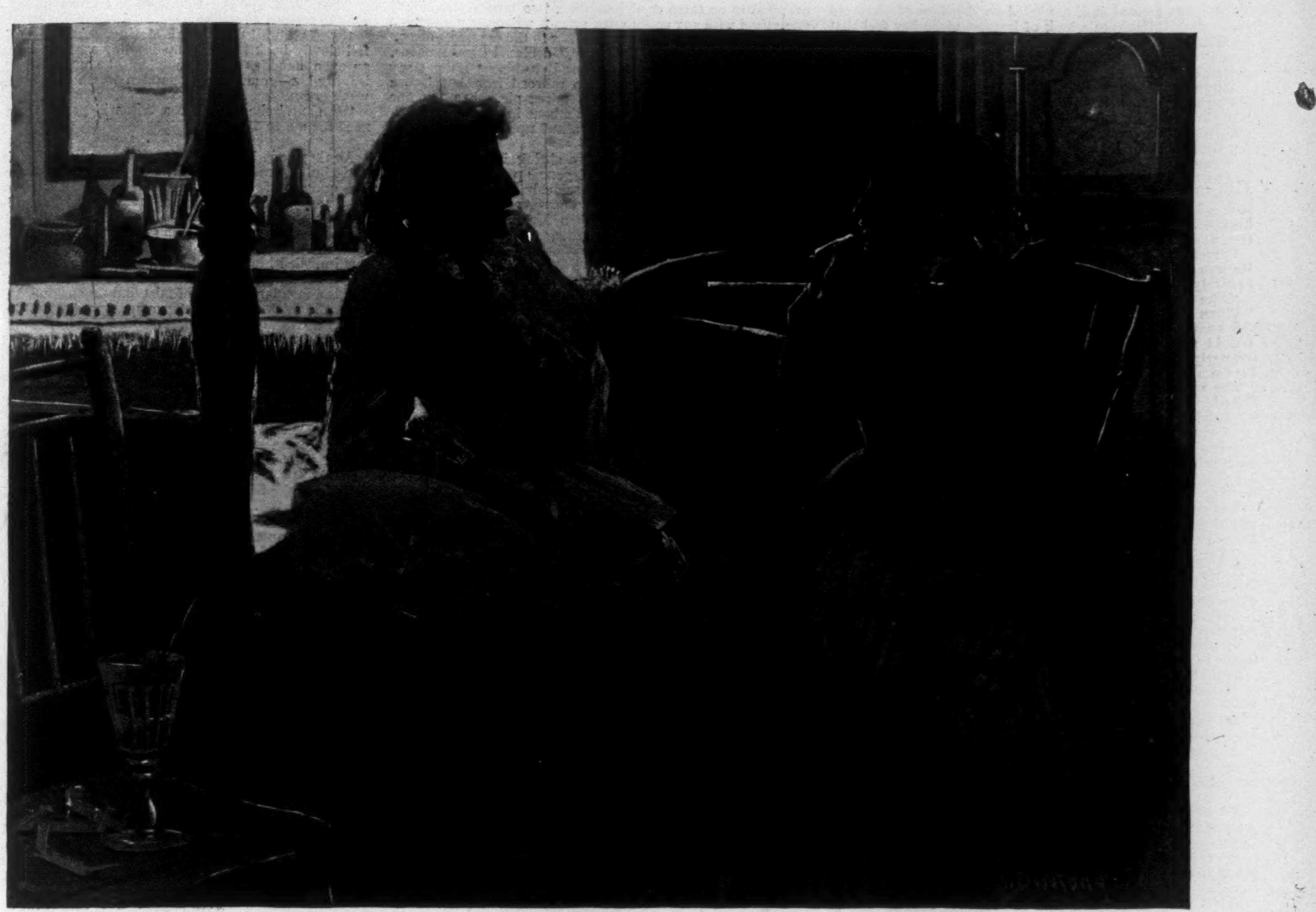


# AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

By EVA WILDER McGLASSON, Author of "Diana's Livery."

### XVIII.

"SHE said she was coming here," said the captain's voice somewhere at hand, and as Sylvia caught the familiar modulations, the captain himself appeared at the stranger's shoulder, his brow exhibiting two distinct sets of anxious wrinkles. "And the man at the gate— Hello! why, there she is! You've scared me out of a year's growth, Sylvia!" He gave a great breath of relief, and added, "Oh, I like' to forgot! Sylvia, this is Mr. Delosier, the lawyer I ben fighting back and forth with."

Sylvia glanced up at the younger man as her uncle went on to say he had brought Mr. Delosier home to dinner, and that finding her still away, they had been somewhat alarmed.

"Night was coming on, and I didn't know but you was lost, or locked up in some old church or buryin'-ground, or something," concluded the captain.

"I have given you too much trouble," said Sylvia, rising.

Delosier murmured a word of denial, and she looked again at his acute face, in which a purely American shrewdness appeared to overlie a Gallic intensity. A certain exactness of detail about his features and attire struck Sylvia, as she noted the smoothness of his uncovered head, the coolness of his gray eyes, and the straight line of his small mustache. His name had an alien sound, but his keen glance and businesslike tones suggested the counting-house rather than an avenue of immemorial elms.

"He is the new South," considered Sylvia, as he handed her the bunch of violets she had dropped.

Delosier himself had not recovered from the start of surprise she had given him at the first sight. He had figured the captain's niece as a fresh-faced girl with a thick braid hanging down her back, her blue eyes filling as she roamed about the streets unable to find her way, and perhaps afraid to ask about it. He had definitely settled with himself that she would wear a plain shawl, and he had meant to be kind to her and console her with a box of *glacé* fruits on their way to the hotel. He liked Captain Bylands so much that he was prepared to be very friendly with the little niece also—this Sylvia of whom the captain talked continually. He gave the reality a side glance. Sylvia, her air that of a throneless queen, walked beside him with a sort of proud sadness, her white face and deep eyes seemingly unaware of him. He looked at her violets and the violet glint of the gown under her close coat. He felt like one who strives to catch a far-off strain of music, or whose senses are teased with a faint breath of distant flowers.

That night, on Delosier's rather hurried arrangement, they all went to the French opera. It was a gala-night, the young man told them as they went up the stone stairs into a gay little interior, all white and gold, with numbers of tiers circling the walls. *La Juive* was in progress when they arrived, and a slim-ankled girl, with streaming black hair and a stormy face, was singing something which the captain for a time politely tried to understand. He finally gave over the effort, resigning himself to his chair with a relaxed countenance, his thumbs judicially outspread. Women in evening gowns sat in the small scarlet stalls and red velvet boxes. Between the acts people chattered in French, and gentlemen of a Louis Napoleon style of physiognomy, who with pressed palms and soft *bravas* had applauded the stormy-faced girl, walked about, greeting their friends.

"I thought I knew a little French," said Sylvia to Delosier, "but I don't. I suppose you can understand what this young man beside me is saying to the girl in saffron?"

Delosier laughed. "It sounds very natural to me," he said; and he added that he had spent most of his life in New Orleans.

He exchanged a bow with a man leaning against a stall balustrade in talk with a white-haired woman, beside whom sat a very dark girl, her pale bronze-color exquisitely relieved in white gauzes.

"Do you know them?" Sylvia asked; and Delosier, saying that he knew them very well, mentioned their name.

"Theirs is an old Louisiana family," he said. "The daughter, Miss Marie, is a famed beauty."

He related some little incident of his acquaintance with her, and Sylvia wondered if he were above a certain embarrassment that his friends should see him thus associated with a girl whose gown was of last year's vogue, and an elderly man in country broadcloth. She gave him a sudden glance of startled surmise.

Delosier chanced to be looking at her, and both withdrew their eyes with a determinate sense of strangeness.

Delosier, the captain found, was said to be one of the busiest men in the city, but this circumstance did not prevent the young lawyer from spending considerable time with Sylvia and her uncle. They took long drives in company, going once to visit the wharves. They boarded a long boat lading with cotton bales, and another time Delosier took them to the roof of the Cotton Exchange itself, and while they stood viewing the city, Sylvia's veil blew off, spreading in the air and settling slowly down toward the steeples far below.

"Hereafter you will see me as I am," said Sylvia. "The higher one mounts the less one cares for pretexts. Do you know, I think it must be very unpleasant to die and be sifted down to the little bits of truth which are hidden in the cheerful delusions we heap around ourselves. That is what will happen in the day when all things are made known. Personally it makes me quite uncomfortable to think my soul has got to be publicly shredded up."

But she laughed a little, notwithstanding. Delosier regarded her intently. The wind was blowing out her violet skirts, and gathering the folds in her hand, she held them against her waist. Her neck, defined by a nestling knot of shadowy hair, had a fineness which made him think of a plucked bird wing, the delicate cords like threads.

"There is the quality of steel in this slight-wristed creature," he pondered. "She would bend to a breath, but I cannot fancy her breaking."

"Well," he said, half seriously, "I suspect that in our misery of enforced revelation we shall have the comfort of much company. Most of our hearts have cherished the little insidious roots which creep about and weaken the whole moral masonry."

"We've all got our loose screw," agreed the captain. "I'm a great favoryte myself on taking folks log-run, windshakes and worm-holes in along with the sound stuff. Mighty few men are first quality timber right through, but thar's generally pretty fair streaks here and again thet'll pass um in the market with a shove."

"I am reassured," smiled Sylvia. "It seems my pet upastree isn't alone in its verdure."

"Yours!" said Delosier, rather quickly. And then he looked at his watch, as if to carry off a trifling sense of awkwardness. "I think we are going to be a little late for dinner," he added.

Upon his invitation they were going to dine at a very small, very dingy café, in which Delosier had promised Sylvia that everything should be as French as she could wish. It was in a crooked side street, the glass door hung with a lace curtain which let the outer light sift in an airy pattern on the sanded floor. The tables were too high and the chairs too low, but Sylvia forgot these discomforts as the features of the place began to impress themselves.

"Ah, Gaston," said Delosier as a white-sacked waiter seated them.

He talked rapidly to the man, his little gestures impressing his words as the slant accents marked the gilt letters of the sign over an opposite shop door. The waiter, solicitously bending, emphasized the other man's look of distinction.

The dishes which were served had oddly piquant flavors, calculated less to charm the palate with single effects than to produce a final harmony of delicious taste.

"Till now," said Sylvia, solemnly, "I have never eaten."

There was a dessert which, as Gaston presented it in a silver dish, flamed all over in pale purple.

"In compliment to you," said Delosier, smiling at Sylvia as Gaston with a small tripod prodded the quivering heap, letting in the flames.

Sylvia tasted it with a visionary feeling. Through a rear door she had a view of a flagged court, through which excitable women in sabots and short blue skirts clattered.

At her desk in the corner, madame the proprietor smiled on the dining, a heavily built woman of forty, her plump arms threatening the tight sleeves of her gown.

It seemed to Sylvia like a dream which has come true. She kept regarding things, vaguely wondering why they appeared distantly familiar, almost as if she had seen them all long ago. Delosier himself, watching her with a reflected pleasure, seemed as if modelled on the lines of some old conception. His gentle look of interest made her feel that he understood her happy abstraction, and she smiled as she looked at him, noting his slight leaning figure and precisely parted hair.

Captain Bylands was telling the tedious tale of a party of bushwhackers at whose death he had assisted. "They'd ben plundering round for several days, and we was mighty glad when we struck their trail that morning, 'bout a mile out from camp. Thet was just as the shot I ben telling you of came whizzing out of a thicket and took our lieutenant in the breast. I held him in the saddle till I see he was gone. Then I turned in with the rest, and we caught seventeen of them fellers, and we took our picket ropes and knotted each man round the neck, and stood him under a tree, and yanked the rope, and away he went!"

Sylvia wondered if Delosier's look of attention was sincere. He was aware of the thoughtful side glances she had been furtively giving him.

"She distrusts me," he conjectured, and he felt hurt. "When she knows me better," his mind pursued—"when she knows me better—" The thought suddenly changed. Would she ever know him any better, this girl who so strangely interested him, and who in another day would be far from his walks of life?

The morning Sylvia and her uncle left New Orleans, Delosier came to the station to see them off. As he took the hand Sylvia held out, he said:

"I am going to miss you very much. Will you let me write to you occasionally and tell you how New Orleans looks when you are not in it? Captain Bylands, I am asking Miss Bylands if I may write to her. Won't you persuade her?"

The captain thrust his arm abroad in a tremendous gesture of permission. "She'll be mighty proud," he declared, heartily.

"Yes," said Sylvia, rather seriously, "I will."

"And when you make that trip to Cincinnatah," the captain cut in, "don't forget you've promised to stop over and see what Chamouni looks like—hunh?"

"Oh," said Delosier, "I am not likely to forget. Don't be surprised if you see me soon."

"Can't make it too soon," roared the captain, as the train began to move.

From the platform the young man caught a last glimpse of Sylvia as the car rolled by, confusing the vision with a glitter of plate-glass and bits of mirror and the shimmer of plush hangings. She was in a corner of the long seat, her head against the dull silvery green of the brocade cushions. The quietude of her face was almost stern. She did not glance out at all, and Delosier was sensible of an odd heaviness of spirit.

### XIX.

A letter from Delk awaited Sylvia at Chamouni. He was getting desperate. He had been away nearly five months, and the captain's advices grew daily more ominous. Bylands began to fear that Sylvia's regard for him, thus unnurtured, might take a shade of coldness. He decided to brave the captain's authority by opening a correspondence with her.

Sylvia gave the letter a swift glance. He addressed her with the tenderness of certainty and a classic disregard of punctuation. He explained himself at length, and, declaring his abiding affection toward her, intimated rather too surely his idea that she returned it.

The writing impressed Sylvia like some trifle which recalls a fever—its sick odors, benumbed pains, and half deliriums. It pointed the past like a gibe on a fool's finger. The disgust which it gave her transferred itself to her thoughts of Bylands, and in proportion as she loathed herself for listening to him, she was aware of an active intolerance with him for having ventured to approach her.

She cut the letter into thin scraps, which curled about her scissors as if they were alive and besought pity.

"I have had a letter from Delk," she said to the captain. "I wish you would tell him not to write again."

Her uncle exchanged a wink with himself. "Heh-heh!" he thought. "What did I tell you, captain? Love? Poppycock! I knew he was 'way off if he jedged she cared anything about him. If she hed any notion for him it was unly a spurt—the kind of love thet whitens an hour, breaks out like apple blows on a bough, and goes with the first wind. Uck-uh! When the fruit hangs meller, you know, the blooming was pretty, but not filling."

Whereupon he wrote to Delk, plainly repeating Sylvia's words, a bit of information which had an effect with the young man merely to suggest that Sylvia felt too uncomfortable at Rosetta Valley's condition to occupy herself with the man who had been Rosetta's lover.

Sylvia took up her old life as a prisoner resumes his chains, but she was heartened with her breath of outer air, and new speculations struck across her darkness like sun rays in a cell. When Delosier's letter came, she waited half a day before opening it. The firm square handwriting pleased and provoked her.

"How commercial he is!" she thought, throwing the paper aside. "I suspect I am hard to satisfy. When a man shows feeling, I think him weak; when he shows a lack of feeling, I think him stolid. Oh, well!"

March was blustering over the hill-tops, flaunting her hoiden skirts greenly on the slopes. The sky was like a slab of onyx, hard in its wreathing pinks and pale yellows. At the base of the south knob a stave-bucker sent up a ravelled rag of steam, its heavy thud mixing with the scream of its upright saws. Sylvia could see men wheeling laden barrows from the stave piles to the bucker, the moving forms little and black, like ants laboring with big loads.

Mrs. Lichens's voice rose shrilly in the hallway: "Aw, Selesty, whar you at?"

A distant "Whoo?" answered her.

The sounds gave Sylvia an unreasonable annoyance, and she shut her door sharply.

The second week in March, Delosier stopped at Chamouni on his way North. If, in refined surroundings Sylvia's delicacy had been marked, in this rock-bound wilderness it seemed to him as exquisite as the fragile grace of a young fern which uncurls its pale fronds in the rough fork of a gnarled tree root.

Sylvia had a quiet pleasure in seeing the young man. He attracted her through a higher medium of feeling than that to which she had lately surrendered herself; and because he lured her fancy into no flowery byway, she perceived in herself only such signs of liking as may be involved in a tranquil friendship.

On his way back to the South, Delosier stopped again for a day with his Kentucky friends, and this set Sylvia thinking. The tone of his letters after this changed perceptibly. When he visited the Lichens House again in April, the captain began to mope. And when, early in May, Delosier dropped in on them equipped for a two weeks' stay, every one gifted with any speculative powers whatever understood that the Louisianian came as a suitor to the captain's niece.

"And no girl could do better," declared Mrs. Lichens, who had set up a great fancy for Delosier. "I don't say ez his good looks 'll ever warp railroad iron, but he's a Christian man, he is, and loves mince-pie. See the fine walk of him, Selesty! like he had a bone in his back. Well, well, blessed is the man thet walkuf uprightly and sittuf in the seat of the scornful."

The captain and Delosier were sitting in the office one night after supper. Sylvia had gone up stairs for something, and Delosier was unconsciously listening for her footsteps. He presently caught a massive tread in the hallway, and was not surprised when Mrs. Lichens came in puffing, her gait as usual suggesting the presence in her frame of rubber sections which let her up and down like a football gently rebounding.

"Sylvia— Oh, she ain't here."

"She is coming," said Delosier, surmising a light sound.

"I was huntin' you," sighed the landlady, as Sylvia came in sight. "Law, yes! Bob Valley's nigger man hev jest brought word thet they don't look fer Rosetty to live skercely no time, and she'v' took a notion ez she'd like to see you. He's waitin' on the back porch, pore black critter!"

"Tell him Sylvia 'll be over first thing in the morning," said Captain Bylands—"hunh, Sylvia? Pore little Rosetty!" He blew his nose violently.

Sylvia was leaning against the old bar, the finger-tips of one hand pressing her lips. Delosier fancied her trembling.

"I will go to-night," she said, very calmly. "It isn't far."

"Mebby it 'd be better," agreed the captain. "Henry 'll hitch up and drive you over. If my knee wasn't so stiff—" he paused, thinking of Bob Valley.

But when Sylvia appeared with her cloak on, it was Delosier who waited at the side of the buggy.

"It's a rough road," hesitated Sylvia. "I am not sure I know the way."

"I have asked about it," said he, waiving these objections.

It was quite light, for the moon was up, poised daintily on the dark summit of the hills, its height accurately measured by a tall oak. They crossed the Lick, and passing through Winklers, struck a road considerably like a section of ploughed field diversified with flat rocks. Here and there they jolted over a bowlder, in places where local industry had preferred a filling in with small stones to a removal of big ones.

The Valleys lived a mile beyond Winklers. The house looked large and blank in the moonlight, and its red windows striking dimly upon the white fields, seemed feverish and full of the heaviness of earth.

Mrs. Crew opened the door. "Set down," she said to Delosier; "I'll fetch a candle. Miss Bylands, you jest come right up steers. Rosetty's lookin' fer you."

Sylvia's first feeling was one of relief as she entered the bedroom at the head of the stairs. Surely Rosetta could not be so far gone as they had said. She did not look ill at all, lying easily in the narrow pillows, her limbs straight under the red and green stars of the finely stitched quilt. Her wrists, indeed, were somewhat thin, but her face was lovelier than ever, spiritualized by those inner fires which wavered above her cheeks in silken flames, and deepened the darkness of her eyes to a potency which health had never lent them.

Mrs. Crew had gone away, and Sylvia, drawing a chair to the bed, cried out, in a little burst of hopefulness: "How well you look, Rosetta! You are not very sick, are you? I am so glad!"

Rosetta held Sylvia's hands tight, looking tranquilly into her white eager face. "I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I think I won't never get about no more, and then again I think I ain't half as sick as they jedge. I ben getting some stronger the last week. I reckon I'll pick up now spring o' the year is opening. But say—Sylvia! If I shouldn't—why, say!—I want you to sing at my burying. You sung so sweet that night at Whitby's. Won't you?"

She had spoken without any sign of effort; but as she paused, her voice was followed by a sound which stilled Sylvia's heart. It was like the wind in a stark tree, or the clang of a chain, the iron links striking dully on one another. It had the awful accent of vacancy, the death-creep of breath wandering through wasted lungs.

Rosetta herself did not seem to notice it. "I'm mighty glad you came to-night," she went on. "I often wondered why you never ben." And as Sylvia's face hollowed as with a swift self-reproach, Rosetta added, gently, "I didn't know but you thought I cherished hard feelings against you on account of *him*."

Sylvia, pressing her elbows on the pillow, bent nearer. "Rosetta," she breathed, "you don't hate me, then?"

Rosetta shook her head gravely, her long braids of yellow hair looping the bolster end. "No, I never. Mag and them let on you was as deep in the mud as he was in the mire, and at first I used to study over it thet maybe you tolled him on, jest being soft-spoken and all, and not caring if it hurt me or not. But since I have been laying here things look mighty differ'nt. Somehow, when you've been sick a long spell, you feel real kind toward people; and yet—I don't know—special *ones* don't seem as near." She turned with an air of weariness. "Oh, say, won't you tuck an end of the quilt under my back, the holler of it feels so tired?"

Presently she touched Sylvia's cheek with a little motherly gesture.

"Nobody could help loving you," she said. "You're the sweetes' thing! When you smooth my hair that way, my heart jest goes out to you as soft! Don't you," she added, as Sylvia wept. "Sh-h! *you* wasn't to blame. And Delk"—she breathed again that long soughing breath—"you kin make him happier than what I could. You love him"—she paused shyly—"you love him as much as I did, don't you?"

Sylvia felt the little tufted blocks of the quilt in her face. The tears on her cheek seemed to burn the cold flesh. She lifted her head. There was the candle, with its blue-rimmed cone of flame, casting an uncertain light over the dishes and labelled bottles on the stand hard by; a spoon, with some brown syrup settling stickily in its bowl; the long strips of rag carpet; the papered wall, the splint chairs and turned bedposts—all appeared with an odd distinctness. Rosetta's hot clasp and Rosetta's fond glance seemed as if drawing Sylvia's soul out.

Her eyes turned slowly and helplessly upon Rosetta's face, and in the intensity of that fixed gaze Rosetta started, lifting herself on her elbow, her expression one of sharp surmise.

"You don't love Delk no more," she said, in a strange voice, her finger pointing. "You don't—you—"

"No," said Sylvia. She tried to add something, but her tongue seemed to stiffen.

Rosetta huddled forward, staring. And then her head fell slowly back in the dented pillows. She stretched out an open hand, as if she snatched at something which was leaving her—something of sudden worth which evaded her weak grasp.

"O God!" she sighed, in a thin whisper; "there was no need for me to die!"

### XX.

As they rode homeward in the moonlight, Sylvia looked to Delosier unusually small and slight, a disordered lock dim upon her forehead, her brows like faint shadows. Her gaze was sad and distant, and he saw that she had been crying. It was clear to him that she had been under some stress of emotion from which she was not yet wholly recovered, and a kindly wish of banishing these lingerings of sorrow impelled him presently to speak.

"What a night it is!" he said. "Here beyond the roadside is a wonderful effect of mist and moonshine. We must be at the Lick. Let us stop a moment." And he added, "If you will hold the reins, I should like to get out and see how things look from this ledge." In a moment he came back, exclaiming. "It is wonderful," he said. "You must see it."

He took her out, and helped her climb the rocky steps to the right. Below them, wide as a stretch of sea, the river fog rose high, reaching from bank to bank, a milky flow which melted to the forms of an unreal shore. Everywhere the world was wrapped in this floating silver haze, the only distinct shape in sight that of the big white moon.

Sylvia, staring into the breathing mist, seemed to drift away from the human companionship beside her. Her hand dropped inertly from Delosier's arm. The rapt melancholy of her face, pale and heavy as a storm-beaten flower, gave the young man a cold sense of isolation, as if her mood were lifting her to a level beyond him.

"Don't leave me so far behind," he said, suddenly, in a voice so moved that Sylvia started, the expressional line of her face altering. "Come back, Sylvia, come back, and make my common life as lovely as the moon makes this poor fog."

Sylvia, looking at him, shivered.

In a breath he added: "I don't think I meant just yet to say you are everything to me, but the full heart takes its own will. Sylvia, you are not—oh, Sylvia, are you turning?"

She had seemed as if stepping back, but at the sharpness of his tone she paused, still trembling, her eyes upon him, their glance wide.

"If—if you cannot love me to your soul's depth," he stammered, "nothing is possible to me—no life; nothing. I wonder if you suspect how much I am yours? My first glance of you was a revelation; your first touch made me know I had never been alive till then. Why, Sylvia, I hadn't even thought of love as a great force in life. I thought it was a sort of moderately tender instinct which came to a man some time, and inclined him to mild domestic fancies. I don't know what it is to men in general; to me it isn't mild, or moderate, or even tender. It is simply the one great question of mortal destiny. It seems to me that I could die and not be half so afraid of God as I am that you may not love me." He broke off, half-startled at the ring of his own voice.

Sylvia, standing motionless, had a confused feeling that all the forces of life had risen in her, and were beating in great waves against the flesh.

Delosier had lifted her hand, and it seemed as if his touch was a point toward which every faculty of her being wheeled slowly, settling nearer, like a bird above its nest.

Rosetta, her arm outstretched; Bylands, with his assured face—whatever had bound her to these lives shrunk away like a silk thread which snaps at a single blow. The thing she had wooed for love and wearied of, finding it dust, was as a thing forgotten. The real love had come upon her like a mighty army which has been in hiding, only half suspected, behind the hills, but rising in a sudden, overpowering majesty.

"Sylvia!"

Sylvia's head appeared to sink forward a little. She drew a short, half-gasping breath, and then a sharp pang of joy wrenched Delosier's breast, for she had laid her cheek against his hand.

As they rode slowly through the ford, Sylvia said, suddenly: "It is so strange that you should care for me! You who have been everywhere, who must have known—so many—"

She could not go on; but Delosier, catching at her conjectures, reassured her.

"There is only one thing in my life which has anything like the complexion of a romance," he insisted.

"Do you remember seeing at the French Opera-house a very dark girl in one of the boxes—Miss Marie—"

"Yes," interrupted Sylvia—"yes."

"Seven years ago I met her, and for a little while I had an idea that perhaps I was beginning to have rather a warm regard for her. It seems odd now. But I was young then. And presently I found out that the sentiment didn't amount to much. We kept on being good friends. She never knew I had been setting up a fancy for her."

"How do you know?"

"I never let her suspect it."

"Why?"

"Why? Dearest, you know why. Because I think the man who juggles with a woman's feelings is less than a—well, I won't use that word, after all. To my mind, the only thing viler than he—as fallen angels are lower than fallen mortals—is the woman who tosses up a man's heart for her amusement, and lets it fall in the mud. Forgive me for mentioning such matters, Sylvia."

As they drew up at the Lichens House and he lifted her down, he saw that she was shaking as if with cold, and anxiously remarking this, he added:

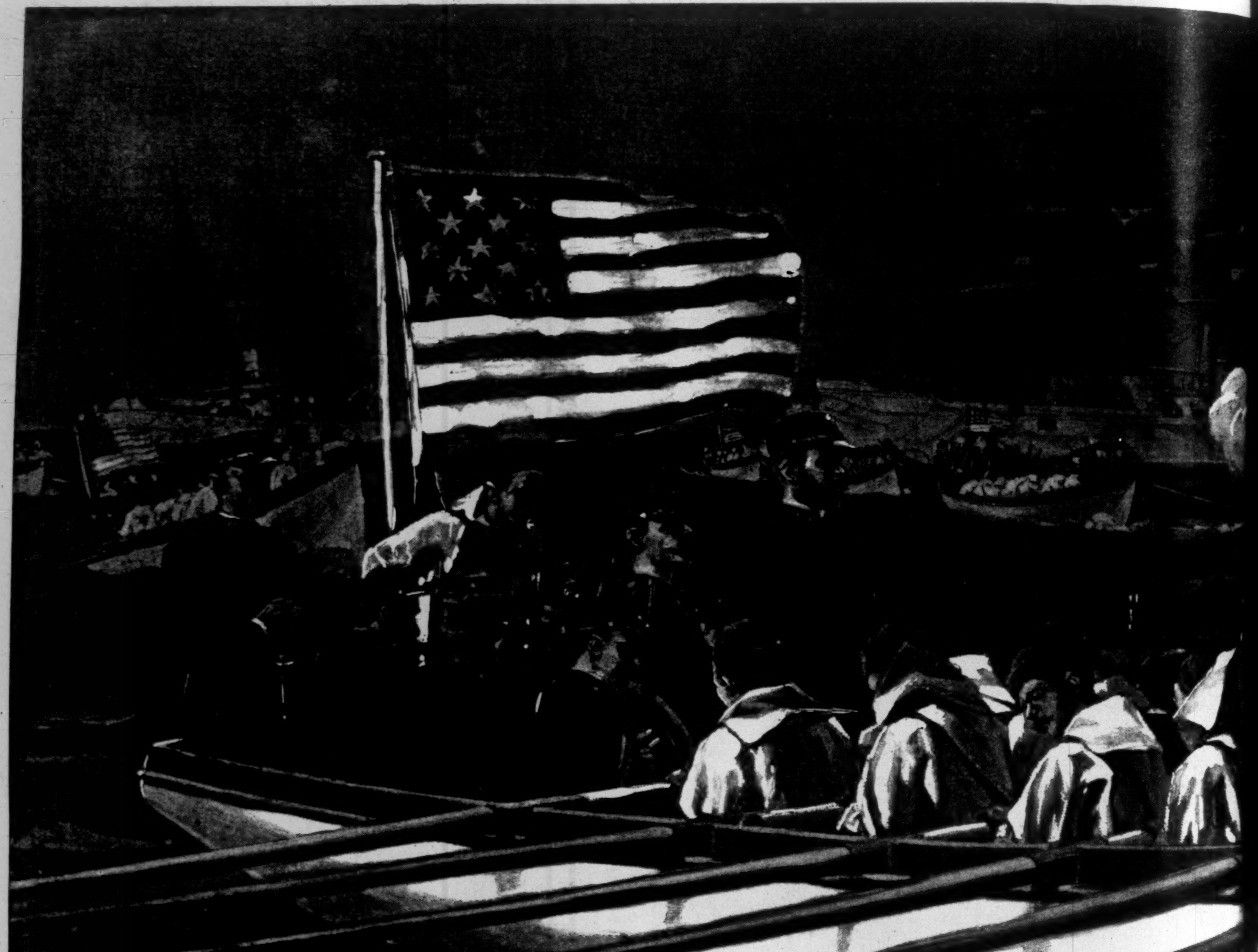
"Go in, Sylvia. I should like to stand out here forever, but you must go in out of the night air."

Sylvia stole a little nearer. "I want to—to tell you something," she said, with an effort, pausing as he drew her toward him; "but not now," she added, clearly—"not now."

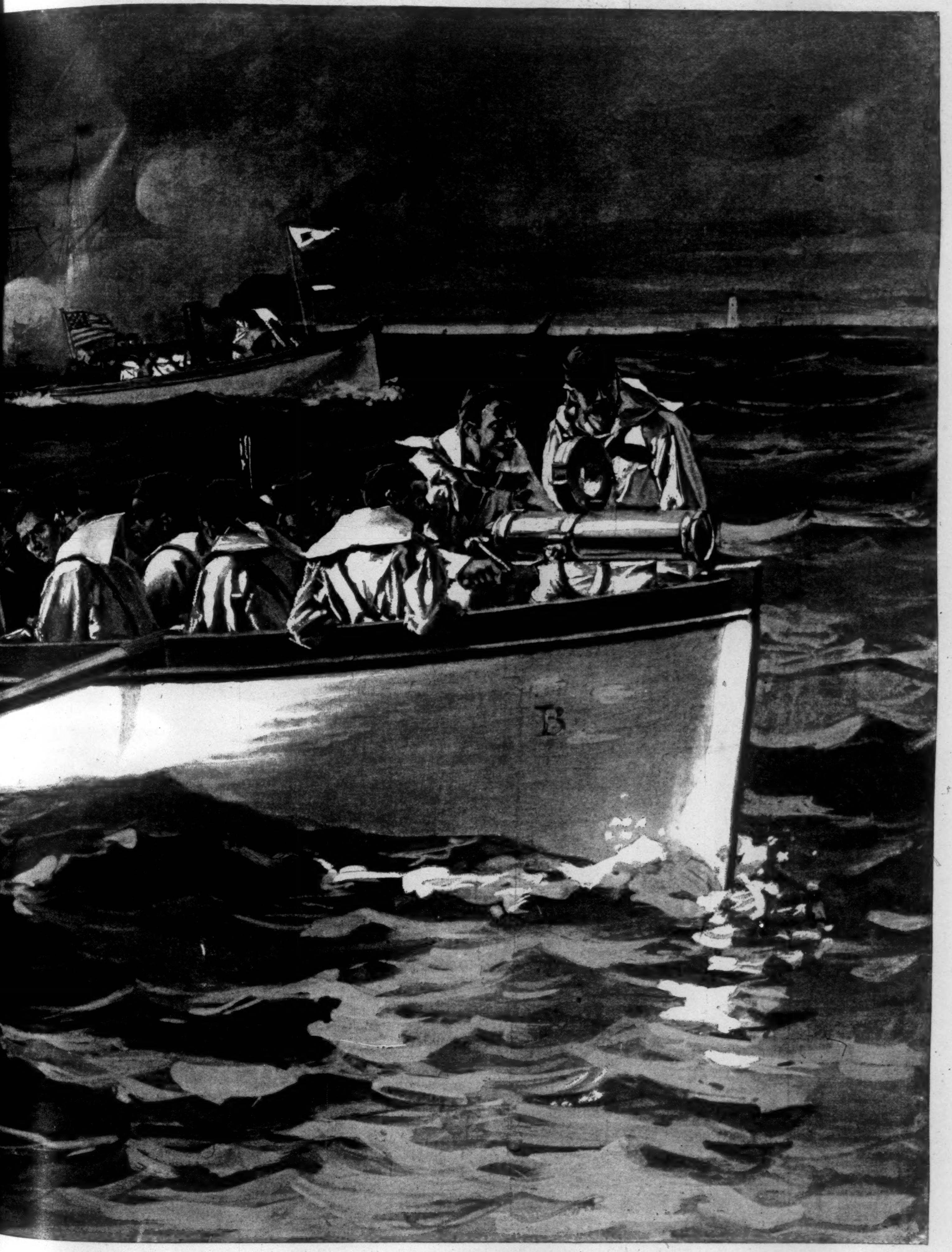
When Delosier told Captain Bylands how matters were with him and Sylvia, the captain, after a space, in which he violently dabbed his face with a doubled handkerchief, turned and grasped the young man's hand.

"If it's got to be some one, I'd rather it was you, George, than any one else. I—it's going to be a—pretty hard on me, though! You'll hev to give me time to git used to the idea—hunh? A couple of years, say."

(*Continued on page 743.*)



A NAVAL LANDING PARTY—HEADING FOR



BEACH.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 743.]

(*Continued from page* 738.)

"Oh!" expostulated Delosier; "if you had said a couple of months—"

Captain Bylands expressed a limitless negation. "'Tisn't unly me," he said, explaining away a possible notion of selfishness. "It's several things. You can't rush these things through lickety-switch, George; they take time. Clothes now! A girl hes lots of such fixings to see after. And there ain't a living dressmaker in Chamouni! She'll hev to go clear to the city for her riggings, Sylvia will. It 'll take time."

"It won't take two years," debated Delosier; and then, with a wily instinct, he added: "You know, captain, this is rather a trying life for Sylvia. You and I don't realize just what it is to her. I don't think she looks as well as usual. I had hoped you would let me take her to the Northern lakes this summer. Don't say you won't! Think it over, captain."

Sylvia, from her window, saw the two men going down the road, now together and now separating to avoid the mud. It was a day of exceeding clearness, gentle with skies of mild blue, fresh with the intangible green of budding trees. Blooming fruit branches here and there swam like rosy vapors through thickets of leaf. A cow at the road-side was wrenching off a wisp of grass with its purple tongue, and the smell of the rent blades came to Sylvia like the very breath of spring. She could still hear Delosier's voice lessening in the distance, and as she shut her eyes to harbor its farthest accent, a strange mixture of feelings crept through her. That which stood clearest was a large sense of calm, as if life's seething waves had heard the one utterance which could still them. The sense of peace which was with her seemed to have wiped out the year's blurred text, leaving the pages clean for the writing of a happier tale. And yet, after all, not wholly clean. Misting shadows of what had been there still haunted her vision, tempting her unwilling mind to remember what the characters had once meant.

"It's a pity," thought Sylvia—"it's a great pity that there must always be a bitter little pit in our golden fruit. Oh, well! I am going to be as happy as I can be."

But it seemed rather as if her first hours of content were not to pass under a cloudless sky. Two days after, Mrs. Lichens, billowing up stairs, delivered a pulpy knock at Sylvia's door, and looked in. Sylvia, sitting on the edge of the bed buckling a slipper, her dressing-gown sleeves hanging over her hands in long ruffles, glanced up.

"Oh, Mrs. Lichens," she said. "Come in."

"Ah," groaned Mrs. Lichens, "some of us comes in and some of us goes out, and the silver bowl is loosened and one is taken and another gits left, and seven women lay holt of one man, saying 'Rabbit! Rabbit!' which, being interpreted, is master." She sank loosely into a chair, her chin quivering with excitement.

"Is anything wrong?" asked Sylvia, putting on the other slipper, and thinking perhaps a hog had made way with another of Mrs. Lichens's geese overnight.

"Wrong!" burst out the landlady. And then, to Sylvia's surprise, she began to gasp suspiciously, her obliterated waist-line shaking. "I jest got the news this minute," she wept, "and knowin' how you'd feel about it, I 'lowed I'd better run up and tell you—what—hes happened."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A LANDING PARTY AND AN ENEMY CLOSE ABOARD.

BY LIEUTENANT J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, U.S.N.

THE Naval Reserve of New York spent a week of profitable experience and work on shipboard. The *New Hampshire*, a dismantled liner of the by-gone sailing days, was commissioned as their "guardo," or receiving-ship, and the *Chicago* and *Atlanta* were detailed for service as drill and instruction vessels. The record made by the Reserve last year was equalled, and the earnestness and intelligence which the members of the State force carried into their novel duties again elicited the encomiums of the regular officers. The instruction was varied, and included exercises with great guns, secondary batteries, small-arms, boats, signals, ammunition supplies, and hospital service—indeed, it embraced nearly every exigency which sea-fighting is apt to demand. Man-o'-war routine discipline and drills were carried out to the foot of the naval letter, so far as inshore conditions allowed, and the apparent possibilities were so much encouraged by the regulars and were so earnestly gripped by the volunteers that by the end of the week the results may be said to have touched a reasonable efficiency.

Work in the small boats naturally held a prominent place; and the landing-drill was, in a popular sense, the event of the week. This exercise is justly held in great esteem, and, because of its importance, is zealously practised by all navies. The annals of every maritime country are enriched with the stirring victories of boat expeditions and with the gallant deeds of seamen and marines landed as artillery and infantry battalions. Sea wars have ever been illustrated by the successful operations of small craft, both in flotillas and as single boats; and so brilliant have been many such actions that often when the battles of fleets can be but hazily remembered these minor but no less heroic exploits are recalled with a distinctness and freshness which still fire the patriotic soul. Something of this may be due, of course, to the popular idealization of the sailor, for the qualities demanded and displayed in these adventures are such as appeal strongly to the imagination; but, on the other hand, the seamen engaged in them have been inspired always to special deeds of daring both by the novelty of the enterprises and by the great rewards promised in national and naval reputation.

The war of the Revolution was notable for the excellent and hazardous boat-work accomplished. Jeremiah O'Brien in the *Margaretta* affair, Whipple in the attack on the *Gaspé*, Silas Talbot in the North, the whale-boats of the creeks and tide-waters of Virginia, John Barry on the Delaware, and dozens of others, everywhere, from the Penobscot to the Gulf of Mexico, our mosquito fleets were perniciously active in brilliant attacks upon the enemy. These traditions were sustained undimmed in the war of 1812, in the attack upon the pirates of the West Indies in 1821, and in the Mexican and civil wars, and their plain unvarnished yarns read like romances, and their results were, in the light of the means employed, at times marvellous.

On shipboard the drill known technically as "Arm and away all boats" has, apart from its usefulness, a picturesque quality. Briefly described, its purpose is to provide ship boats and their crews with the requisites for shore or distant service. This duty may demand the cutting out of an enemy's vessel either in the assailant's own harbor or off his own coasts, or it may mean an attack upon the shore defences, seaports, river towns, or craft of various kind belonging to the enemy. Sometimes the work is a temporary landing for drills, or for an encampment on the beach; sometimes it may be a routine inspection or an exercise of boats under oars. In each circumstance, of course, the equipment varies to some degree, but you may be sure that in every case too many accessories, too much impedimenta, will crowd the boats, let chiefs of bureau struggle as they may against this tendency, let officers and men growl sea-fashion as they will. When the bugle sounds the call, it is a bustling, breezy, heart-warming sight to see how soon order emerges from apparent confusion as cutters, launches, whale-boats, and the rest of them, from barge to dingy, are lowered into the water, equipped, armed, manned, and inspected. The lumbering boat boxes, the rotund boat stove of unholy memory, the bags of bread, the breakers of water—the biscuits broken into shreds, the water cribbed subsequently by its guardian for a clean wash down—the artillery, the skids which we were taught to run out and lay straight with a playful nursery rhyme that no one could remember when needed; in short, the hundred odd and even articles, the mere enumeration of all that has to appear by magic and fit like a glove, would fill a baker's dozen of paragraphs, and may not enter here. In the larger boats the marines—point-device in their effective fatigue uniform—are stowed without much regard to their toes or ribs or tempers, and in the bows of certain launches and cutters machine-guns and howitzers, sometimes shielded, are mounted. Finally, as if by some occult agency, the boats shove off, and take the places assigned them, and in the order designated by the fluttering signals of the flotilla's flag-boat. Then, as M. de Thulstrup has shown so spiritedly in his picture, answering pennants are doused, and with straining oars or puffing steam jets, and amid furrows of foam, the boats dash for the point of attack or for the line where the evolutions are to begin.

The tactical principles of boat attacks have varied but slightly since Benbow's days of hard knocks, scurvy, and short commons, but, as with the other essentials of sea warfare, great advances have been made in the development of the material. These have been mainly in the armament and equipment; perhaps less in the latter, for while steam is employed as the motive power to a definite degree, sails and oars must be largely used. A century ago expeditions were armed to the teeth with cutlasses—or cutlashes—boarding-pikes, muskets, and huge pistols, these last being flint-locked ordnance, even more clumsy than those contemporaneous shore weapons which united the handiness of a bell-mouthed blunderbuss to the efficiency of a stone sling. Percussion muskets came later, then rifles and revolvers, with a *pièce de résistance* in the shape of a brass or bronze boat-gun, usually of small calibre and moderate range, and fitted to be used with a field carriage, or upon sliding mount in the boat. To-day, gun development has reached a stage which demands, for the highest efficiency, a rifle of small calibre, rather under than over one-third of an inch, and a smokeless-powder cartridge. The destructiveness of this weapon is secured by the flight of many bullets almost straight from the muzzle—that is in a flat trajectory—leaving no ground or zone protected in the travel from the piece to the object. Among all the war powers the keenest activity prevails in this direction, and the secrecy with which their achievements are preserved is so marvellous that to-day no outsider seems to know what, for example, the French cartridge—bullet and powder—exactly is.

In the development of secondary batteries invention and research have been no less persistent, for rapid-fire and machine-guns are destined to play an active rôle in boat expeditions, sea skirmishes, and fleet battles. Many systems of machine-guns claim to have solved the problem, but while each possesses some especial merit, none absolutely reliable yet exist. They may be described broadly as pieces which carry about a central axis or have ranged in a horizontal line a number of breech-loading rifled barrels. Rapid-fire guns are single-loaders, and have reached calibres as high as six inches. The successful use of guns of this system even up to this high calibre is now an assured fact, and, writes that well-known ordnance authority Lieutenant W. H. H. Southerland, United States navy, "their functions on board ship are so important that it is recognized that a superiority in their fire will be one of the most important elements of success in future naval actions. Their qualities will be brought fully into play when there is no delay between fires beyond that actually necessary for aiming. The degree of rapidity of fire possible with this system is now sufficiently great to satisfy the most exacting artillerist, but this rapidity can only be obtained when the supply of ammunition is rapid and continuous, and the propellent used does not give off sufficient smoke to obscure the target. In the armor-piercing calibres of rapid-fire guns, such as those of Canet and Armstrong, the velocities obtained with smokeless-powder charges give such flat trajectories that point-blank aiming is possible up to very long ranges, a decided advantage in opposing torpedo-boat attacks, as the more direct and more rapid the gun-fire, the greater the possibility of hitting." The Armstrong 6-inch rapid-fire gun, 40 calibres in length, and weighing over 6 tons, has fired five aimed shots (each weighing about 100 lbs.) in 55 seconds, four of them striking the target, distant 900 yards. A 2.75-inch Armstrong has fired five 10-pound unaimed shots in 24 seconds; a 4.72-inch Canet, five 46-pound unaimed shots in 24 seconds; and a 5.91-inch Canet, seven 88-pound shots in 54 seconds.

How this would startle the hearts of oak who fought so well our early sea wars! What! 616 pounds of metal from one gun seven times in less than a minute? You can almost hear their shades denying it, and asserting that, as of old, all men are liars!

Besides these systems, others embodying excellent ideas are in use, notably the Driggs-Schroeder pattern, which was invented by two American naval officers, and has already received a distinct official recognition by our government and by foreign authorities. It is no wonder, therefore, with the possibilities inherent in these smokeless-powder weapons—in the small-calibred resistless rifle, in the bullet-showering machine-gun, and in the relatively heavy-shotted rapid-fire piece—that especial pains are taken and great precision sought in their handling.

In one of those characteristic sketches which have done so much for naval life and development, Mr. Zogbaum shows us this week an exercise with secondary batteries and small-arms that made a part of the instruction given to the Naval Reserve men. In a real action the enemy would at this time be close aboard and be peppering valorously with his whole battery, or perhaps it may be that a torpedo flotilla is scurrying over the water for a quick dart within the effective fighting zone. Now is the appointed season for concerted work, and a quick signal brings into play every available means of defence on 'board the attacked ship. The heavy calibres are belching armor-tearing projectiles, and the smaller pieces, aided and supported, as you may see, by the riflemen and the marines, are raining a pitiless drowning flood of bullets upon the gun crews upon the upper works wherever heads may show or lighter scantlings let the little missiles enter. It is a splendid moment, a devil's tattoo, where the dancers are paying the pipers by the nose a murderous, royal welcome. I am quite sure the eager defence will be successful, that the enemy will be beaten off, and that the gallant men behind the gun shields and along the thin bulwarks will, when the fight is done, bury their dead and cheer their wounded under the fluttering folds of their own unlowered, unconquered flag.

## WORLD'S FAIR SCULPTURE.

THE sculpture of the World's Fair at Chicago is not to be regarded as would be a solitary piece, but in the light of part of the general design. And when these grand figures of men and animals, symbolizing all that the reality beneath and around them is, are set up in their places, to be seen presiding boldly, so to speak, over this grandest of modern enterprises, they will be in a position to laugh at criticism and to compel admiration.

The larger portion of the sculpture will be of the colossal order, and has been, of course, modelled in studios on the grounds of the exposition. The finished work shows nothing of the ordinary material used by the sculptors. They are great white figures, sculped, so far as appearances go, out of some solid hard material that, if not rock, resembles rock at a distance. There is nothing to show that the sculptor built up his frame-work first of ordinary wood and iron, about which he wrapped enough excelsior to round out the form into a crude semblance of the finished work. He alone saw the gaunt figure as he piled on his plaster and glue, and wound it into shape with his trowel or, oftener, with his hands. There is no external evidence that the group or the figure, as the case may be, has been sawed into sections for removal, and is by no means as heavy as it appears. But all this is true.

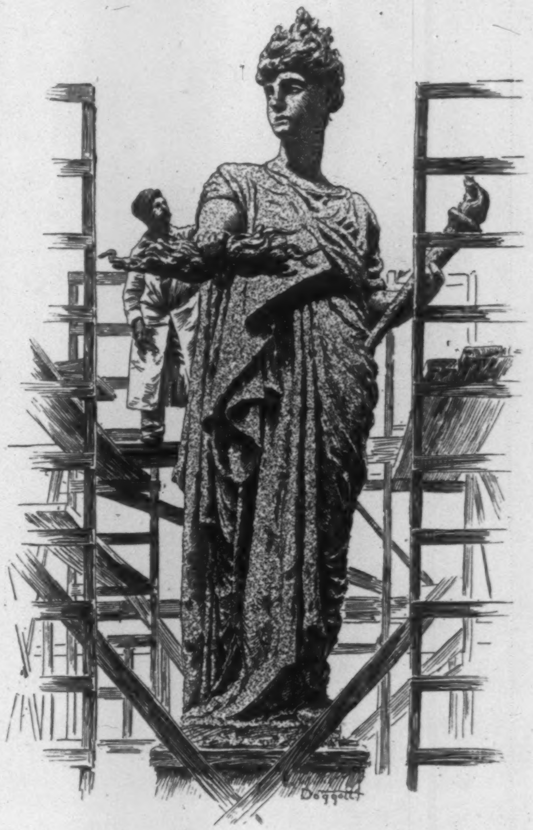


FIGURE OF "FIRE" FOR MACHINERY HALL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O. M. MORRIS & CO.

Among the more interesting bits that have recently been made complete are the group for the live-stock department and the figure of Fire for the Machinery Hall. Many of the buildings will soon be ready for decoration with sculpture, and in some of them the bass-reliefs have already been placed. The sculpture, as a whole, will be unique and grand.

## ENGLAND AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE building which will be occupied by the British Royal Commission at the World's Fair is now in course of erection at Chicago. The exhibits of England will be placed in other buildings, according to their nature, and the British Building is erected for office purposes and for the accommodation of visiting English folk. It will, in fact, be used as the headquarters of the representatives of the government and its exhibitors, in the same way as the various State buildings are to represent the interests of the different States. The style of the building will be distinctly English, being fashioned after the half-timber houses of the sixteenth century. The plans were drawn by Colonel Edis, according to the wishes of the Royal Commissioners, and, as may be seen in the illustration on the next page, will be a representative type of English architecture of the Elizabethan period. The building will form three sides of a quadrangle, with the open side fronting upon the lake, surrounded by a raised terrace and fence. The lower story will be constructed largely of terra-cotta, with red-brick facing and mullioned windows. Above this, half timber will be used chiefly, according to the olden styles. The gables will be overhanging and projecting, in accordance with the best examples of old English houses. The first floor will contain a suite of offices, in addition to a library and several reception-rooms, which open upon the large central hall. Other rooms are intended for the use of the secretary of the commission and his assistants. The interior fittings will be in keeping with the plans of the house, the furniture and decorations to be supplied by a London firm. The walls are to be panelled and the ceilings variously decorated.